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Zion's Herald.

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The Outlook.

About 80,000 cases of drunkenness are judicially treated in our police courts every year. Under the existing system of procedure they are dealt with after a wholesale fashion—by fines, or imprisonment in case the fines cannot be paid. Upon the family often falls the heavier stroke of punishment, because either the wife must impoverish herself to pay the fine, or she must support herself and children during the term of her husband's imprisonment. The feeling is gaining ground that an individual, or at least a better classified, treatment of convicted drunkards is not only possible, but urgently demanded. First offenders, and those who have a periodical craze, but are sober and industrious in the meantime, ought not to be put in the same category with habitual offenders; further, the latter ought not to be allowed to go free by simply paying a fine. A bill is pending before the Legislature of this State which will meet these varied cases, rectify inequalities, and give to the courts the right to discriminate in individual cases—sometimes to excuse an offense altogether. Its enactment will work a beneficial change.

President Harrison did some sensible talking in his remarkable journey of 10,000 miles in the South and West, which ended on Friday last—fortunately without accident and without a miss or delay in the schedule as arranged. It is said that he proposes to pay his own bills, which are estimated to foot up about \$25,000. This is conscientious, but hardly consistent with what is proper and just in the case. Those 139 speeches were not, strictly, partisan; they were models of good taste; they were educational, inspiring; they brought the chief magistrate closer to the hearts of the people; they strengthened the tie between remote and sparsely-settled communities and the central government; they quickened patriotic feeling. It is not fitting that the cost of such a tour should come out of the President's pocket.

Nearly sixty Presbyteries have "everted" the General Assembly in the case of Professor Briggs. About twenty have expressed their condemnation of his views; the rest have been content with asking that inquiry be made as to the agreement or non-agreement of his utterances with the standards of the church. His own Presbytery—the New York—has already taken action on the majority report of its investigating committee, and, at this time of writing and at the earnest request of Professor Briggs himself, is arranging by committee the method of procedure to be adopted at his trial. The promptness with which many of his friends have rallied in his defense, and put themselves on record as his sympathizers, is certainly significant. The professors of the Union Theological Seminary have published a long statement in which, while they "deprecate the dogmatic and irritating character of certain of Dr. Briggs' utterances in his inaugural and in other of his writings," and try to explain certain unguarded expressions, they claim that their associate's views are not new, that they have been taught for ten years in that Seminary, and they strongly "protest against the spirit and language with which [Dr. Briggs] has been assailed." This is a timely and a weighty document. It puts the whole subject in a more favorable light. It explains what Dr. Briggs really meant when he declared so offensively against "Bibliolatry" and "Inerrancy," and when he uplifted "reason" and "the church" to a parity with the Bible as conjoint sources of authority. It is not the novelty of the views which Prof. Briggs has advanced which has caused so much excitement and such profound repugnance; with the exception of his idea of "progressive sanctification after death," opinions similar to his may be found in the writings of President Harper, Professors Ladd and Fisher, Dr. Washington Gladden, and many others whose orthodoxy no one cares to question; it is rather his rasping tone, his selection of terms needlessly offensive and aggressive, his lack of tact, that have provoked hostility. Dr. Herrick Johnson, of Chicago, an eminent representative of orthodoxy, to our mind best characterizes Dr. Briggs, when he says that "he is exasperatingly self-assertive, the tone of his discussion is needlessly rasping, and the dogmatism that he so vigorously denounces nowhere shines more conspicuously than in his own paper." And yet Dr. Johnson closes his criticism of that inaugural address with these words: "Fellow Presbyterians of the reformed and evangelical faith, this man is not a disguised rationalist, nor a promulgator of the views of Kuenen, nor a deliberate sower of the seeds of doubt and skepticism respecting the Word of God." There is nothing in his inaugural address that is not in his published books, which have been before the church for years. "Strike! but hear!" Whether Prof. Briggs is in accord or not with the Westminster Confession, his brethren must decide; that it has fallen to him to champion on this side the water the evolution which is steadily going

on in the minds of Biblical scholars with reference to certain traditional ideas, is, to say the least, unfortunate.

Signor Corte, the Italian consul at New Orleans, has not been discreet. Some of his utterances have been pronounced by his own government "inopportune." He has had too much to say about the Mafia for the Italian premier to make good his case against this country. Moreover, he confesses himself to be the depository of criminal secrets which concern some of his own countrymen in New Orleans, and which he declines to divulge. He has been recalled, but it is possible that he may be detained and be compelled to reveal what he professes to know.

The large shipments of American gold to Europe are explained by an urgent demand by European bankers to meet the call by Russia for her outstanding balances. And this abrupt demand by Russia is attributed to a failure to obtain a loan, in which she was blocked by the Rothschilds who are irritated because of her cruel edicts against their countrymen. This may or may not be; but it is certain that the expulsion of the Jews goes steadily on; that from two of the chief cities of the Muscovite kingdom alone there have gone forth at least 50,000 exiles; that the recent outrages perpetrated on Hebrews in the Island of Corfu are traceable to Russian emissaries; and that the Czar is not to be turned from his course. Various causes are assigned for this unrelenting persecution—religious, financial, and others. The latest is that the Russians really fear that they will be outnumbered by Semite multiplication. The Jews now number about 5,000,000 in Russia; but so prolific are they that the estimate is made that in forty years they will reach equality in point of numbers with the Russians themselves; hence the government is bent on their expulsion.

Nothing had been heard of the "Itata," at the time of our going to press. The "Charleston" was coaling at Acapulco. The "Esmeralda" lay at the same port, but was refused a supply of coal by the Mexican authorities out of respect to neutrality laws. The "Charleston" has been joined temporarily to Admiral McCann's squadron. The fugitive steamer ought easily to be captured, now that the "Esmeralda" is hindered from going to her protection by lack of coal, and the ships of the southern squadron are co-operating with the "Charleston" to intercept her. Nor would it be expedient for the cause of the Chilean insurgents to make a *cassus belli* by resisting the demands of this government in the "Itata" case. Their little navy, lacking ammunition and supplies, would fall an easy prey to our cruisers, and with the loss of their navy, the insurgents would probably give up the contest with Balmaceda's government.

Briefer Comment.

OHIO has adopted ballot-reform. Its law is carefully drawn, and includes all the essential features of what is known as the Australian system. Both in Illinois and in Delaware a similar measure has passed the lower houses of the respective legislatures. With many differences in detail, there is a surprising unanimity in the scope and principles of the proposed legislation. In Pennsylvania, on the other hand, the Baker bill has been so amended and manipulated in the Senate that its passage would be a public misfortune. For instance, it provides that any voter may be helped to prepare his ballot by another voter—a manifestly dangerous nomination. It effectively prevents any independent nomination, in case the candidates of the great parties are unacceptable, by requiring all such nominations to be made at the same time that the party nominations are made. It is not believed that "this travesty of ballot reform," if it be enacted, will secure the signature of Governor Pattison.

THE committee appointed by the mayor of New Orleans in October last to investigate the Mafia and similar organizations, have brought to light some startling facts. Before Chief of Police Hennessy was murdered, evidence was traced of ninety-four assassinations by Sicilians or Italians which went unpunished because of the secrecy which accompanied each act. They found that the Mafia had gained a strong foothold, and terrorized the Italian population of the city, levying tribute at pleasure under threat of death. They had even attempted to poison the Italian consul. Several remedies were proposed by the committee, the most radical of which was the absolute exclusion, in future, of Sicilians and Southern Italians—classifying them with Chinese as an undesirable and prohibited class.

HARVARD'S new Semitic Museum was opened last Wednesday in the Peabody building. Mr. J. H. Shiff, of New York, some time ago, gave \$10,000 to start this enterprise, and Prof. D. G. Lyon, the curator, wisely used about one-half the fund in making collections last year in London, Paris and Berlin. From the British Museum and the Louvre he obtained casts of some of the most valuable of the Semitic monuments; as useful almost, for purposes of instruction, as the originals. He obtained, also, about 200 manuscripts, including Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac and Babylonian specimens, and a large mass of Semitic coins, and Arabic, Coptic and Turkish coins. As the college library contains a large mass of Semitic literature, this interesting department of study will doubtless receive a new impulse and attract an increased number of students.

THE American Bible Society celebrated last week in New York city its 75th anniversary. Secretary McLean reported that during the history of the organization the receipts had aggregated nearly twenty-one millions of dollars, and that fifty-four millions of Bibles had been distributed. Several speakers took part in the exercises, and among them Bishop-elect Phillips Brooks, who, in the course of his address on the "Vitality of the Bible," uttered the following significant words: "The supernatural can never be disproved. The supernatural is in a higher sense the natural; it is the atmosphere in which we confess ourselves the children of God. Men say we want a Bible with no miracles, no inspiration, but the time is coming when we shall want no

other Bible than one of miracle and inspiration, because it brings man nearer to God. The supernatural is the believer's home. There will always be a testing of the Bible. Reasoning men will revolve around it with their questions, but alongside of these will move those who trust and who go on opening deeper and deeper truths to feed mankind."

A SOUTH GERMAN BIBLE-HOUR.

WILLIAM MARSHALL WARREN.

THAT German Protestants get cross and set unkindly toward Methodists is not much to be wondered at. They misunderstand Methodism exasperatingly. What is to be wondered at is that American Methodists so often tend to make the misunderstanding mutual. They describe a church that is not all of a piece by generalizing from studies of the worst spots. For instance, a recent writer on German Protestantism, in describing Germany as a whole, unconsciously drifts into speaking of it as it really lay in his mind, as "that great city;" yet Berlin is not the Empire. Moreover, what is merely un-American is often looked upon as un-Christian. Unhappily, too, the evil strikes the describer's eye and rouses his indignation, while the good is either taken as a matter of course or not searched out. The vicious catalogue is more conspicuous than his fellow that studies during the week and teaches a class of boys on Sunday; it is easier to make one of a sparse congregation in a city church than to learn from what distances the country people streamed into Reutlingen and Boehrigen, this spring, to crowd Prediger Schrenk's services. And so it comes about that German Protestantism gets described only partly; and the part left out is the brightest. Fairness, therefore, and the interests imperiled by one-sided accounts, justify even one whose first roof was that of a Methodist German Mission, in describing one of the bright facts as yet not really in evidence.

Suppose it is just after sundown in the little farming village of M., and we have finished our lunch of eggs and black-bread at a hospitable Bauer's. The evening prayer-bell, ringing as it has rung at twilight since the time of the Thirty Years' War, to-night serves as the call to the "Bible-hour." So we set out with our host along the uneven village street toward the "hour-holder's" house. This typical South German hamlet, with its steep red roofs, each sheltering a combined house and barn; its numerous taverns, among the rest, of course, a "Sun" and a "Golden Ox;" its one church, with a very fat tower and with comparatively little else; its tall town-pumps, where the girls go to fetch water and stay to chat; and with all these various elements set close together as irregularly as the houses in old Marblehead, is so pleasantly uncouth and yet so like what we read about once in Andersen and Grimm, that in the midst of it all we feel strangely at home.

The hour-holder's house, like all the rest, is of stone and timber, cleanly whitewashed; like all the rest, too, it has nothing between it and the street save a carefully built manure-pile, augmented daily from the cow stable on the ground floor, and to a thoughtful eye indicating the proprietor's place in the tax-list. We climb the outside stairs to the porch on the second story, and from the hallway enter a large, low room in which some fifty or sixty people are already gathered. At one end of the room—really two rooms with the intermediate partition removed—sit several men in the lamp-light about a table; the remaining space, lighted picturesquely by two candles, is taken up by women and girls and boys, seated on low benches. Place is made for us on the wall-seat behind the table, facing the little assembly.

It is a striking scene, this gathering in the upper room; it somehow suggests the meetings in apostolic days. The stories in these brown, rugged faces, told more plainly than in the faces of city-dwellers; the white walls of the room, with only the candle shadows on them; the hush before the hour strikes—the very bareness and simplicity of it all are impressive of the fact of worship in itself, just as the bareness and simplicity of the entire village life impress whatever else in men and in their occupation is primary.

But now a brother takes his place at a little organ, and as the leader lines off the couplets, all join in singing five or six stanzas of one of Hiller's hymns. Then all rise and stand with folded hands while a simple, earnest prayer is offered by still another brother. It sometimes seems to me as if the German language had been made for philosophy and for prayer. Next the leader announces the chapter that is to be discussed, and the dark, pigskin-covered Bibles on the table are distributed to the several men accustomed to take part in the speaking. If ours proves to be an old Greek Testament with the letters quickly almost beyond recognition, we need not be surprised; for the school-master, or Pfarrer, if he comes now and then, likes to look over the original text. Some brother, at the leader's designation, reads the chapter aloud. Then, after a little pause for thought and re-reading, the leader begins to comment upon the more important verses, comparing them with other passages, and showing their bearing on practical matters. He speaks for perhaps thirty minutes, and then asks the other men to share the thoughts that the chapter has suggested to them. So four or five, not without mutual deference, speak rather briefly. As they address themselves to the group about the table, the discussion seems carried on as a personal conversation, to which the other people in the room may listen. And it does a visitor good to hear again the old truths and counsels in such surroundings. The unfamiliar speech—for the Bauer does not use court German—the strange faces and costumes, the noises from the stable below, the feeling of remoteness from home and friends—all these in some way cease to distract him; he feels his fellowship with these people with

whom he thought he had so little in common, and he sees better what Paul meant when he wrote about the household of God.

When the discussion is over, the last stanza of the hymn already partly used is sung; then follow the closing prayer and a chanted benediction. The women and girls now pass quietly out and are well on their way home before the men and boys leave their seats; the adversary must be given no occasion for evil speaking. It is still early in the evening, so we stay on to talk with the older men, asking and answering questions, and munching away meantime, of course, on slices from the great loaf of black-bread.

Such, in general, is the Bible-hour as we should find it in almost every village and town of Württemberg and of parts of the Rhine provinces. The details vary somewhat with the place and its resources. For instance, in Tübingen the leaders are men of thorough education, mostly teachers, and the place of meeting is in a modern house with only human tenants; in Huelben, on the Alb highland, the meetings have been held for a hundred years or more in the school-house, and the village school-master, the fifth in the unbroken line of Cullens holding that position, leads the exercises from his desk. But in most of the hours that I have visited, the leaders are Bauern, and the accommodations as simple as those described; while in all the order of exercises and the objects are essentially alike. As a rule, the meetings are held either twice or three times each week.

These single hour-gatherings are usually associated in some simple organization, such as the Michellans or the Pregitzerians, based on similarity in doctrine; but the attendants are members of the State Church. Their numerical strength is hard to estimate; most authorities say that in Württemberg alone the regular attendants upon the various Bible-hours number seventy thousand.

With the two hundred years' history of this fruitful interest in Bible study, the present sketch is not directly concerned. The matter of immediate importance is the very fact that in so large a section of the State Church there exists this wholesome form of lay activity.

IN THE MINISTER'S STUDY.

III.

Rev. Edward Abbott, D. D.

REV. FREDERICK BURELL GRAVES.

IN a corner of a pleasant French-roof cottage, the study is situated. Its two windows look out this wintry day on a snowless lawn, where two or three trees stretch their bare, brown arms in the crisp air, which, however, is not chill enough to call for a fire in the open grate, on whose andirons lies a charred stick of chestnut. Here also is his choice library. There are two desks for convenience as well as for use; and there is about the whole room an atmosphere of literature and work. "I have been and still am," he says, "a very busy man." Two life-size silhouettes attract my attention, and on inquiry I find they are of Dr. Abbott's paternal grandparents. Nearly opposite is a pen-and-ink photograph of his father, whom he resembles much more than his brother, Dr. Lyman Abbott. Pointing to a small portion of the library, he says: "That is what I call my family library, because it holds about 150 volumes written by my father." Later on he takes down five large scrap-books containing family records, in answer to a question of mine. Here in the front, in colors, is the English coat-of-arms of the family, and then down, step by step, to the present generation, with perhaps here and there a missing link. "Here is a curious fact," said Dr. Abbott; "my grandfather was not an educated man, being a land-agent of Benjamin Weld of Boston, and the Phillips family of Andover; and yet he educated all his five boys. All of them graduated at Bowdoin College and Andover Seminary; all became Congregational ministers, teachers, and (all but one) writers. Two of them—my father and J. S. C. Abbott—became voluminous authors. And of Jacob, who was the oldest son, I am the youngest son, and four of us sons have all been writers. My three elder brothers have published at least one hundred volumes."

While Dr. Abbott was giving me this information, he was walking up and down the floor of his study, and I had an opportunity to see him fully. He is of medium height and slender. He wears just now a gray dressing-gown and a clerical vest, with a standing collar and white tie. His beard is iron gray, and is combed aside from the center of the chin. He wears glasses, through which look his clear blue eyes. He has a prominent forehead and a large head. His face is as pleasant as a bright piece of sunshine, and his voice as musical as a flute's softest note. And he has a history that is notable. He was born in Farmington, Me., about fifty years ago; was educated at New York University and Andover Theological Seminary; ordained to the Congregational Ministry in 1863; founder and first pastor of Pilgrim Congregational Church, Cambridge, 1865-69; associate editor of the *Congregationalist*, 1869-78; editor of the *Literary World*, 1878-88. Then he was ordained to the ministry of the Episcopal Church by Bishop Paddock in 1879, since which time he has been the rector of St. James' Church, Cambridge. He has received calls from Detroit (1885) and Columbus (1888), and also to take the superintendency of the Episcopal City Mission in Boston (1888). In 1889 he was elected by the Grand Convocation of the Protestant Episcopal Church to the missionary episcopate of Japan. But he declined each of these invitations, and continued his work in St. James' parish. Last year he received the merited honorary degree of D. D. from his Alma Mater.

Dr. Abbott has been the author and editor of a number of books, memorials, sermons, etc. "These books," he said, "have been written in the chinks and crannies of my regular work. Most of them were written before breakfast, but I consider that a species of intemperance, and never do it now." He has written considerably for the religious press and the monthly magazines. "My literary work," he added, "has been of great advantage to me in my ministerial work. I have written a great deal as a journalist. I should think a handsome memorial collection of his writings in the *Literary World* might be made.

In reply to a later question he pleasantly said: "Yes, when I was connected with the *Congregationalist* I exchanged many a friendly bout with Dr. Pelree, the former editor of *ZION'S HERALD*." I did not understand exactly, and so I said: "Excuse me, but did you say a friendly bout or bout?" "Well, both," he replied, laughing.

The library is not large in the number of books, and is made up almost altogether of books of reference. Dr. Abbott works easily and rapidly, cutting out clippings of thought from the block of truth as a sharp axe in the stout arms of the Maine lumberman sends them flying from a juicy spruce. And so he needs only just such books. His favorite lines of reading are travels, biography, and especially the biographical aspects of history. The lives of distinguished men have a fascination for him, and feed hunger better than any other class of literature. Is it any matter for surprise, then, that he says: "All my reading centres around the Bible and my pulpit duties. For commentaries I use Alfred chief, but my main reliance is the New Testament. The Bible is its own commentary. I use the original Greek considerably. I can sift out, too, a little Hebrew now and then, but on the Old Testament I have no commentary that I especially rely upon." How rich in biography is the Bible! How fascinating it must therefore be to a man with such mental taste!

Dr. Abbott's habit is to spend the mornings in his study, though he has no inflexible rule. "My theory of the ministerial life," he says, "leans to the active side; and the great practical work he has done in St. James' parish during his twelve years' rectorship, demonstrates it. He has a good deal of work to do which can only be performed outside the study, yet as a rule this is done in the afternoon. But his study-door is always ajar. He does not lock the door? No.

"But how do you deal with interruptions? Surely you must do something."

"Oh, no, indeed," he said, as he clasped his hands behind his head, tilted back his chair, and looked out of the window; "I never regard anything as an interruption. The door is never closed. I always see everybody who comes to see me. I look upon what are called interruptions as providential calls or messages to me by which I can do somebody some good."

I felt more at ease, and less an intruder, after that, for he surely did me some good. With such a spirit he might add, as he did: "I enjoy the ministry better than any other labor. It was my first work, and will be my sole work henceforth."

His sermons? Oh, yes! "I must not forget those. Here let me quote in full:—
"I am personal, direct in my preaching. That is my style. It was always difficult for me to repeat a sermon, and it is more difficult now. I always preach doctrinally; but I am not a theologian; and yet it would puzzle anybody to say whether I am a doctrinal preacher or not. I am not a 'new departure' man. I believe in the old idea of the Atonement, but my sympathies are wide, broad and tender. My sermons are textual as regards the frame, and within that framework topical in relation to actually existing needs. I prepare sermons in this fashion: I have several texts floating about in my mind, and I seldom decide until Saturday what I shall preach on Sunday; then I select the most fitting and most mature of those floating themes. A man should prepare himself rather than his sermons—that is my theory. I seek to apply the Gospel to parish duties and the questions of the hour. I never write my sermons. In my earlier ministry I did, but I am clear that it is best for me not to write."

"What is the object of your preaching?" I asked interestedly.

"I believe profoundly," he replied deliberately, looking down thoughtfully, as he clasped his hands on the desk, "in the perfect adaptation of the truth and grace of Jesus Christ to meet all the needs of all men for all time; and my one purpose is to be the humble instrument of so setting that truth and that grace before such of my brother men as I can reach, that they shall feel their need of what our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ offers them, and accept it."

It will be hard to match this definition of Christ's mission, and the mission of the ministry.

Dr. Abbott finds time to devote himself to reforms. How natural it was for him to say: "I am interested in the under man. We are at the front here in Cambridge in temperance reform. Though I am not a prohibitionist, I did all I could for no-licence." He has deeply at heart, also, the cause of missions everywhere, and occasionally addresses convocations and assemblies in the Lenten and Advent seasons, always on the line of specifically church work. "But," he added, "I am not a lecturer. I have not gifts for that as my brother Lyman has."

"Where does your recreation come in?"

"Oh, I don't take any recreation except travel, which I delight in. Every four or five years I go abroad for a month or two. Let me qualify that a little. A change of work is recreation. I change from study to writing a book review; from these desks to outside parish work."

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"And is that all?" I asked, perhaps too inquisitively.

"No, in my parish work I drive about, of which pleasure I am fond. It is as much of a recreation as anything I can do. I do not drive for pleasure, but driving is a pleasure."

"Clear and sensible enough," I thought, as my pencil jogged along.

For twelve years Dr. Abbott has been rector of St. James' parish; and "there is no clergyman in active duty in Cambridge today who was here, to my knowledge, when I came in 1864," he said.

But the clock hands were creeping towards noon, and so we walked through the long hall to the front door. "Good-morning," I said, as we reached the door, "I thank you for your kindness."

"Not at all. Good-morning," he replied; "and if you wish me to look over the proof to corroborate the facts, I will gladly do so."

Then I walked away in the sunshine—not only that which was coming down from the clear blue sky, but that which was in my heart from communion with such a man.

OUR LETTER FROM MAINE.

"DIALOGUE."

ON the 31st day of October, 1885, the trustees of the

Maine Reform School

adopted a code of by-laws for the school which was approved by the Governor and Council Nov. 5 of the same year. Among these rules is the following, under the head of "religious instruction":—"The boys shall all be taught the general principles of the Christian religion, the power and goodness of God, the truths of the Bible, and lessons of morality and virtue, but no sectarian teaching shall ever be allowed."

This rule grew out of an attempt, on the part of the Catholics of Maine, to single out and collect together the boys in the school of Catholic parents, and by the administration of their different sacraments, rites and ceremonies, substantially establish a Roman Catholic Church in a non-sectarian State reform institution. Catholic priests were not willing to visit the school and enjoy the same privileges as clergymen of other religious denominations—all of whom are cordially invited to visit the school and address the boys on all suitable occasions—observing this rule.

Since then, from Bishop Healy down, the Roman Catholics of Maine have been industriously at work endeavoring to override or break down this rule. In the Legislature of 1889 an order was introduced looking to this end, which was referred to the "committee on Reform School," who gave a fair and impartial hearing to both Catholics and Protestants, making a report, recommending "legislation inexpedient," which report was accepted.

But the Pope's loyal subjects in Maine were not satisfied with this. A Republican leader in the House introduced an order instructing the trustees of the Reform School to grant to the Catholics all they demanded in this regard "without let or hindrance." This order was referred to the judiciary committee, of which the mover was a member. Another hearing was had before this committee. By this time the Protestants began to be waked up, and three or four distinguished clergymen from many different Christian orders appeared, and made a vigorous fight. It here became evident that politics had something to do with this matter. It was apparent that several Republican members of the committee desired to favor the Catholics; but their courage seemed to fail them, and instead of making a report from the committee, they played a dodge game—the chairman stating in the Senate just before the final adjournment that the trustees and Catholics had made a satisfactory compromise, as he had been informed—"every word of which was untrue," the trustees having refused to make any concessions contrary to their established rules. This ended the contest for that year.

Last fall, prior to the meeting of the Legislature in January, the Catholics began another campaign to capture the Reform School. They first visited the Governor and Council and made known their complaints; but that branch of the government had the good sense not to instruct the trustees to break their own rules, which the executive itself had approved. They then appealed to the Legislature, and an order was passed in the House designed to give them all they demanded—"without let or hindrance," and referred to the judiciary committee. The opponents of the order rallied, and the Senate non-concurred and referred the matter to the committee on Reform School, where it properly belonged. The House finally receded from its first vote and concurred with the Senate. A hearing was had before the committee. The trustees made an able, elaborate defense of their course through their secretary, Hon. W. W. Bolster, and Rev. Dr. N. T. Whitaker, then pastor of Chestnut Street M. E. Church, Portland, and the representative of the Protestant churches in that city and vicinity, made a vigorous, eloquent protest against Catholic intolerance in attempting to get control of our reformatory institutions and common schools. The committee, with two exceptions, reported "legislation inexpedient." These two members made a minority report, backing down from the original proposition, and recommending a reference of the whole matter to the Governor and Council—a very plausible yet most absurd disposition of the case, which, after being warmly debated, was voted down in both branches, and the report of the majority of the committee was accepted.

In view of these

Repeated Audacious Attempts

of the Catholics to "Romanise" our reformatory institutions and destroy our common schools, it would be well for the people of Maine hereafter in selecting their legislators to leave at home a class of low, unprincipled demagogues who are always ready and willing to betray their constituents and become the tools and tools of priests and Jesuits under the false plea of liberality of religious opinions and sentiments. That we had too many of this cheap class of statesmen in the last Legislature is evident from the fact that this insolent attempt to secularize a State reformatory institution was defeated by comparatively small majorities in both branches of the Legislature.

It is a fact perhaps worthy of note that the able board of trustees who for years have so successfully managed the affairs of the Maine State Reform School, represent as many religious denominations as there are members—Baptist, Unitarian, Episcopalian, Universalist, and Methodist. And yet upon this great question they are in perfect accord. The boys in this school have the best of religious instruction; their morals are carefully looked after; and every available influence is brought to bear in favor of a genuine reform among all its inmates. The institution in all its departments is most admirably managed, and among similar institutions in the country holds no second rank.

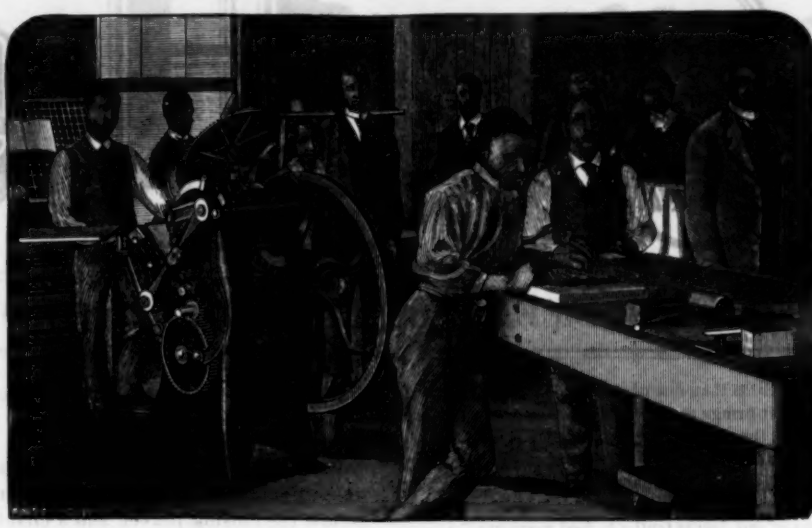
THE FREEDMEN'S AID SOCIETY.

Bishop Haygood's Address at Claflin University.

THE largest and most successful school maintained by the above Society is Claflin University, located at Orangeburg, S. C. There are on an average 1,000 students. Particular attention is given to industrial education. As an object lesson of this department of instruction the following helpful illustrations are provided for our readers. We are gratified, also, to present the Commencement address which Bishop Haygood has just delivered at the institution. For nine years the Bishop has been managing agent of the Slater Fund. His address was an official farewell to an institution in which he is deeply interested, and to whose support he has generously contributed from the fund under his charge. There is probably no man living who has studied the problem of "Our

not. So far as the argument goes, this whole race at the close of the war was an untaught, illiterate race so far as knowledge of books goes. There are a few people living to-day who began this work before the thunders of war had fairly ceased, but most of the veterans of the first few years have gone to heaven. There was no other place for such people to go.

In touching upon the labor of the pioneers in the work of educating the Negro, Bishop Haygood paid a high compliment to Miss Martha Schofield. The man who knows her, he said, and does not honor her, is a bad man. I count it a benediction in my life that I came to know Miss Schofield well. I am a better man to-day because I have known her. Resuming his line of argument, Bishop Haygood continued: As I have said, there is no chapter that matches this one. When these veterans began their work this was an illiterate race. I will not tell you with a long string of statistics. I will give you a few summary statements, and some of you who have note books had better take them down to look at when you get dispirited and think your race has a poorer chance in the world than it really has. I have it from the hand of the United States Commissioner of Education himself, Mr. Harris, not over three



SCHOOL OF PRINTING

Old John F. Slater, when he laid down a round million of dollars to help you folks, had less metaphysics and more common sense in what he said about it than any man I have ever heard of. He just said a few things like this: I want to help these people with their education; I want to help the schools; and I want to help the most in the quickest way; I want to help the schools where the teachers are made, and where industry is honored; but he put this in above all—I want it all under Christian influence. And if I had found in my travels an infidel, or a deist, or an agnostic, or a fool at the head of one of these colleges, I would not have given him ten cents. I do not mention this chapter in your history to make you proud, but to make you humble, to encourage you, to cheer you, to give you hope for the future. Oh! how much hope has to do with the life of a man! How much hope has to do with the progress of a race and the history of a people!

I bring you to-day not my speculations or philosophy; I bring you to-day the brilliant fact of a wonderful history, the gospel of hope and good cheer. Lift up your hearts, O ye people! Look to back one hundred years? Why don't you go back two hundred years? You say I have nothing to be grateful for before the war! Are you sure of that? What did we know of Africa three hundred years ago? Nothing!

When I was a school-boy Mitchell's Atlas had one-half of that continent marked "desert," and 28,000 population (?), showing by the interrogation that they were guessing at it. And they missed it by 200,000,000. That was as late as 1847. We know something of it to-day. I have just finished reading Stanley's two books. They were written by a hero, and by one of God's men, although he may not know it—the man who has blazed the way for civilization in that great and vast continent. What does he tell us? Of a vast population of people in a savage condition, ignorant, superstitious, cruel, idolatrous, some of them cannibals.

Eight or ten months previous to the war, while I was in the depot at Atlanta, I saw on their way to Texas about forty of the black people who were brought over on the bark "Wanderer," almost the last, if not the very last, ship that brought capt-

cities for Pharaoh, and never forgot them one hour. Do you believe all that?

Now do you believe this? God would have brought them out one hundred years before if they had been ready. When they were prepared for emancipation, when they had learned the arts and trades of Egypt and were ready—not a day before nor a day after they were ready—God brought them out of Egypt and set them up to be a people. And so it was that not one year before and not one year after did God bring about emancipation to your people. The great eternal chronometer that never runs down struck the hour for you at the right time. Suppose that your great grandfathers in South Carolina had just come from Africa, and suppose they had been set free as you were in 1865, what could they have done? They couldn't have made a hoe hill; they couldn't have broken a South Carolina mule, and a Texas pony would have broken every one of their necks. They didn't know the English language. At the end of the war 4,500,000 of them knew the language so well that Miss Schofield began organizing schools among you before the thunders of the war had ceased.

What could you have done one hundred years ago?

of it? No, I am very glad we do. I rejoice that we do. If you make good use of education, they will contribute more, and if you do not, they won't.

I am not boasting, but I want you people to understand that the North built Claflin, South Carolina runs the public school system. It is the most wonderful thing in history. Here are these two great sections of the country that quarreled fifty years, fought four, and have been arguing ever since. We don't agree about a great many things, and particularly we have split all to pieces on notions of the Negro. But here it is. A great big car of progress carrying nearly eight millions of you, and the white ox bleached by the Northern snows on one side, and the brunette ox burnt by the Southern suns on the other, both pulling. It is true that we have our necks against the pole, and we are sort of pulling off from one another; but, don't you forget it, the Southern ox is pulling the biggest part of the load. Now, diplomacy could not have brought that about. Political management could not have brought that about. God Almighty brought that about. If you go back on God's providence, you ought to perish.

Now I am going to say something some of you

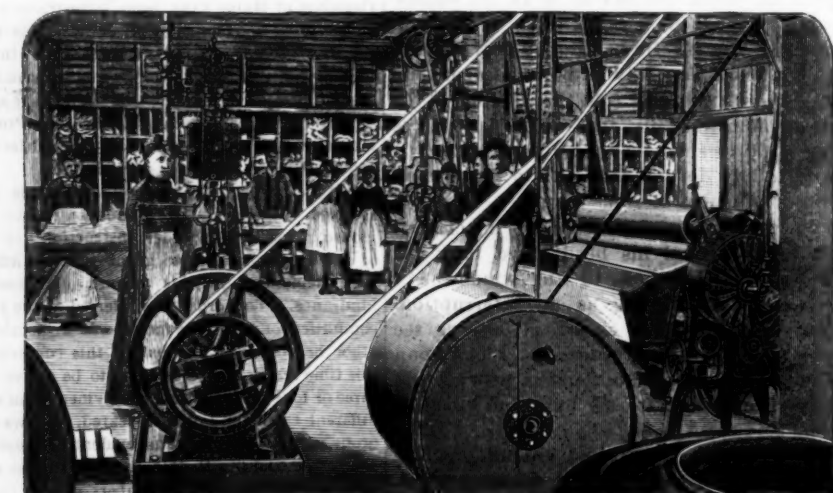


SCHOOL OF MASONRY.

Brother in Black" with a more sincere, earnest and Christian purpose. He has, therefore, earned the right to be heard on this theme in all its phases.

He would be a very dull man indeed who, after nine years' traveling through the Southern States, from Washington City to Western Texas, visiting schools like this, studying these questions and doing what he could to help people in this line of work—he would be very dull, I say, if he did not learn something about it. As a rule, I do not say much about myself in my speeches, and I may get more of myself into it to-day than strictly good taste would warrant, because I wind up on this platform and at this hour the special ministry committed to me in 1882, which has for these years absorbed the most of my time and whatever energy and ability I may have had, which has been in my mind and in my heart and on my conscience; and I wind up where I began as to the main line of my convictions and duty. I was satisfied nine years ago that one of the

weeks ago, that there are in the Southern States over twenty one thousand schools for colored people, forming part of the public school system of the Southern States. There was a time, only twenty five years ago, when there was not a single school of that sort in all this country. In these schools for colored people to-day are enrolled more than 1,100,000 boys and girls. I will give you another statement, not so precise, because it comes from the late census, which I fear is not reliable in any respect. To-day not less than 2,250,000 colored people in the Southern States can read. Match that chapter in the history of any country in twenty-five years! When did it ever happen before that in less than one generation two and a quarter millions of an illiterate race were taught to read? There is more concentrated eloquence in the statements that there are in the Southern States 21,000 schools for the colored race, that 1,100,000 of your children are enrolled in those schools, and that more than two and a quarter millions of your people can read, than anything I could say to you.



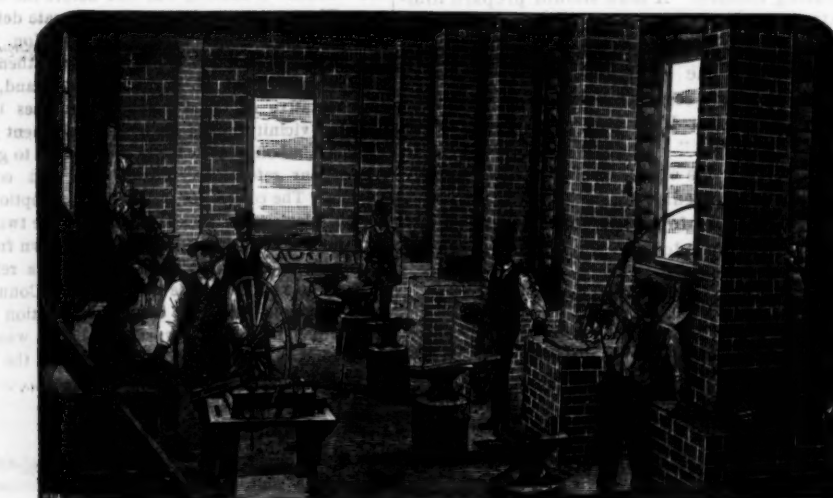
STEAM LAUNDRY.

prime necessities of our American people pre-eminently for the Southern States was the education of the Negro race.

Nine years ago I believed that it was a sacred duty to help forward this work. On this subject I have made first and last about three hundred speeches, and I have shed oceans of ink in writing and arguing and begging and pleading for this cause. Not a word of all I have ever said as to the necessity, as to the duty, as to the possibility, as to the usefulness of educating this race have I this day to take back. Nor have I a single statement on this subject to qualify except as the experience of nine years would lead me to make the statement more emphatic. I have a contempt for a man who is satisfied with anything he does in the line of duty. The man who is satisfied with what he has done has a very meagre view of what a man ought to do. The man who is contented with his achievement of a task has a poor ideal of what true success is. So I am not satisfied to-day with my nine years' work, and the more I know about it the less I am satisfied. But this I

I have made a careful estimate, and there are about seventy institutions in the Southern States where what is called higher education is taught; where after the course is completed the young man or woman is prepared to teach his or her people. Engaged in these schools are about 1,000 men and women as teachers and 16,500 scholars. I have been intimately connected with forty of them, and it has been my privilege to study them and the people in charge of them. Among so many teachers there are some trifling men, of course, but, take them all in all, I undertake to say that they are trained and qualified for their work, that they are diligent, faithful people, and, what to me is most cheering of all, I do not know a single one of these higher training schools for colored people in the South, with possibly one exception, that is not under Christian influence. We ought to take heart and be encouraged. Nine hundred qualified men and women under Christian influence preparing the teachers for a whole race of people! Aye, there is hope.

I have absolute faith in the power of Christian ed-

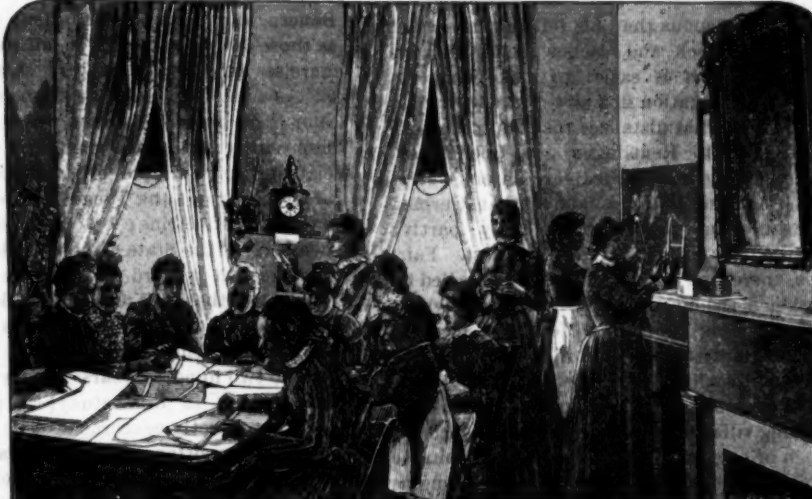


SCHOOL OF BLACKSMITHING.

must say, and I say it with a glad heart and a clear conscience, I have done my best, and if I were beginning to-day to do that nine years' work on this line, I don't believe I could do anything better except as the training and special knowledge I have acquired might help me to do it.

There are a great many things I would like to refer to this morning that are precluded by the lack of time. Some bare, naked statements I must submit without thinking them out. Some assertions I must submit without the detailed proof. It would take me the going down of the sun to finish it up right, and I want to say first of all as a broad statement, of which I feel absolutely certain, that in the history of the human race there is no chapter that matches the one that records the effort which has been made to educate the Negro race in the Southern States since 1865. Match it if you can anywhere! That is a great deal to say, and perhaps I had better offer a bit of proof about it. Twenty six years ago there were not enough of these people who could read worth counting. Where one could read a thousand could

education, in the providence of God, to solve any problem which the human race ever tackled. You need not be thinking of this perplexity and that. I know as much and more about it than you do. I have been mixed up with it and, being a Southern man, I have had the opportunity for studying it. And if you ask me how I am going to solve the race problem, I say pardon me! It is not my business to solve it. "What are you going to do about it?" you say. "I am going, by the help of God, to keep on doing right. I am going to keep on trying to help everybody, black and white, who needs the help that I can give. Therefore, when Southern or Northern, white or colored people talk to me about perplexities of this sort and that, and of solving the problem of the relations of the races in the future, the only thing I say is to go right to day and let God attend to His future as He has attended to His past. I have absolute faith in Christian education, and no sort of faith in any other kind of education. I think the great school that does not honor God and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and teach His eternal moralities, the greater it is the greater the curse of it."



DRESS-CUTTING CLASS IN SIMPSON INDUSTRIAL HOME FOR GIRLS.

the future with courage! Look to it with hope! Upon what will you base your hope? Upon your desires? They are vain! Upon your ambition? That is foolish! Bottom your hope for the future on the facts of history that God has made for you. Then you can be sure it will be a hope that will not disappoint you.

I lay it down as a fundamental maxim in religion, morals and human philosophy that no man who is ungrateful to God for yesterday will trust God for to-morrow. No man who is not trusting God for his past will trust Him for his future, nor will any people. An ungrateful man is a hopeless man. An ungrateful race is a hopeless race. I want a hope to be born in your hearts that will never die for the progress, the success, the Christian ennoblement of your race in this country. A man speaking to me the other day of the colored people said: "How far can they go in education?" I said, "I don't know. They have not been going long enough for me to know. I don't know and I don't care. I shall be glad to see them go as far as they can." If

ured negroes from Africa to make them slaves in this country. What were these people? They were black people, men and women. They didn't know anything in the world except that they were away from home. They only knew enough of the English language to ask for food.

I am not here to ask any of you to fall in love with slavery. I don't love it any more than you do. If I am not too good to want it back, I am too selfish. I hurt me more than it did you. Why do I speak of these people—these poor, ignorant, savage people I saw in the depot in Atlanta? To let you see what your great great grandparents were in Africa.

And here you are to-day in this college on this Commencement day! Here you are, with all the glorious hope of this occasion, as far above those people as I am above the naked old Britons who used to run wild through the woods. My ancestors were naked savages too. The difference is, we got out of it sooner than you did. William the Conqueror ran over my ancestors and whipped them and



SCHOOL OF PAINTING.

there shall rise up from among them an orator who shall rival Demosthenes, I will applaud him when I hear him. If there shall come forth a poet who shall rival Milton, I will read him with delight. I thank God that among my faults—and I have plenty of them—I have not that one which makes me afraid for a man who has not had my chance to have any chance at all for fear he should get ahead of me. Let the future as to education and training and Christian ennoblement, and all that belongs to Christian manhood and womanhood, be as great and glorious and large as it may be. Hope for all things, for God has never failed you yet.

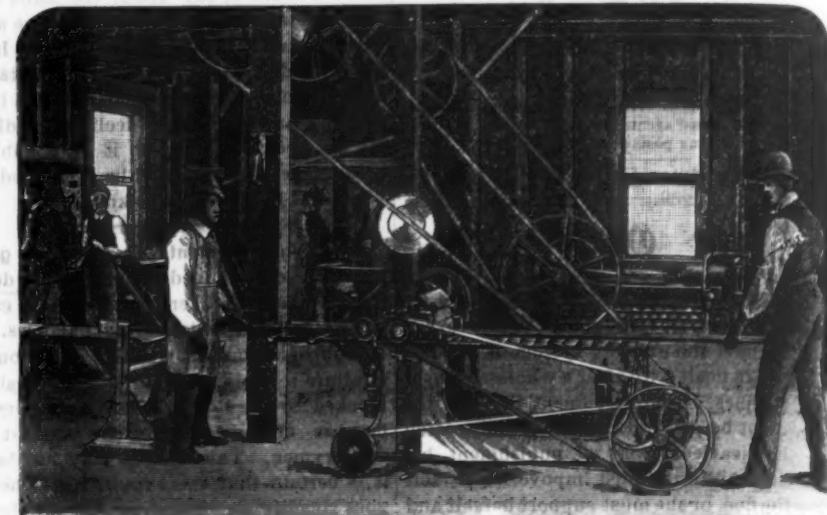
Now I am going to say a thing or two that you will shake your heads at. But you may shake as much as you please if you will only think of them when I am gone. When I talk about gratitude for the past, a great many colored people go back to the Emancipation Proclamation, and their gratitude begins there. You certainly ought to be grateful for all that. If I were in your place I would be. But what do you stop there for? Why don't you go

made slaves of them. But we have turned them down now, and the Saxon leads the world. What has this to do with hope? You folks believe in the Bible, don't you? You cling to that; that is your sheet anchor; and don't you listen to anybody who talks to you about your people, who don't believe in God and the Bible.

Let us go back in that old history to a wonderful scene. Israel had been three hundred years in slavery in Egypt. They had been brought out. God was giving His law through Moses. Suppose God had said: I am the Lord thy God that three months ago found out that you were in trouble in Egypt and got thinking about you, and I have brought you out and you must trust Me forever. How would that sound? No, but He said: "I am the Lord God of thy fathers." That gave five hundred years of wonderful history and all the ages back of it. In the great heart and thoughts of God they had been with Him always. He was their God when He called Abraham out of Ur of the Chaldees. He was their God when they were making brick and building



SCHOOL OF ART.



WOOD WORKING MACHINERY.

Why, you would have starved to death. Look at the work of these students in all the industrial departments of this institution, and compare that work with the sticks hardened in the fire with which your African ancestors attempted to scratch the soil and raise a few beans. Suppose you had been turned loose here before you knew those things, would you have been here to-day? God never forgot you in the past, and never made a single blunder about you. Trust Him with all your hearts and do not be afraid.

Hope and gratitude go together. When the Israelites crossed the Jordan they raised a monument which they called Ebenezer. Looking backward it told of a history bright with the providence of God, and looking forward it recorded a prophecy glorious with His promises. Build your Ebenezer, and put the year 1865 on it. Let one side look back to your history and say: Hitherto the Lord did help us; and let the other side say: He who has faithfully in the past, in spite of hardship and trouble and bitter training, brought us ready to be freemen, will make us freemen by the truth in Jesus.

may not like at all. It is my opinion, and it is truth to me. It has already gone on to the printer, so you will understand I am not saying it for a Southern audience. It has gone to a New York paper and a Republican paper, and I am a Democrat. I am not a crazy Democrat, but I always vote the Democratic ticket. If there be any man who might attach any importance to what I may say as to the future of the Negro in the South, to him I say that during the last session of Congress the right of the Negro to share in the benefits of the public schools of the South was in mortal jeopardy. Why do I say so? If that election bill which the Southern people called the force bill had been passed, the Southern people would have wrecked the whole public school system of the South for themselves, and for you, before they would have paid ninety-five cents in every dollar used in their support and submitted to the conditions imposed in that bill.

That is something to think about. It is not for me to say whether the Southern people would have been right or wrong. I simply say to you that it is



MODEL BARN.

There are some folks who are opposed to the education of the colored race, but they are not known outside of the hamlets where they were born. There are no respectable newspapers that reflect the sentiments of thoughtful public men that oppose it. There was a time when there was an immense to do about it, but the result of this discussion has been to increase the number of your friends, and to hush almost entirely the voice of objection to your education. The fixed result of all the work that has been done in the cause of colored education is to convert the Southern white man to the belief that it doesn't breed an earthquake or cyclone for a Negro to learn to read. That is not all talk. South Carolina white men pay a large majority of the taxes, and there is not a man running for office to-day who would say down with the public schools, because the Negroes have a chance as them. Her Governors recommend and her Legislatures appropriate money to help Claflin. What is \$5,000? you may say. It is nothing in itself, but when it comes with the recognition and approval of the grand old Commonwealth of South Car-

plain, hard fact that if that bill had passed, the Southern people, looking at it as they did, would have shut up their public schools for whites and blacks. If I can by God's help in these closing words get your ears and your hearts, I want to say to you that for any betterment in your condition, for more privileges, larger rights, you must look to God and yourselves and not to law or force. Congress cannot do it for you. The United States Army cannot do it for you. Force cannot educate a man, and force cannot change another man's opinion about you either. The truth of the business is that outside power may hurt you a great deal easier than it will help you. If you want more and better things, higher rights, more privileges, the sooner you quit looking to Congress and force, and the more you look to God and your own hearts and hands and brains, the sooner you will get them.

After all these years of observation and study of the needs and peculiarities of your race, I am satisfied that the saddest thing in the condition of your people to-day is that so many thousands of educated colored



NEGRO CABIN.

olins it means more for your future than a million out of old Slater's pocket.

Bishop Haygood cited the case of the recently established colored college in Savannah as a branch of the University of Georgia, and claimed that it indicated a miraculous change in the sentiments of the Georgia people. That sort of thing, he said, was not going to turn backward.

My people of the South have their faults, but if there is to be any hard talking about them, I will do it myself. These white people down South are no common folks. People who could fight as hard as they did for four years can do anything they try to do, when God but gives them the chance. There are pluck and bravery and endurance in them, and there is obstinacy in them, too. When we start, we don't stop. The public school system for all the Southern States for the education of the colored people costs seven millions of dollars a year. Who pays for that? You know who pays for it! The white people pay ninety-five cents of every dollar of it. Am I boasting

men have more anxiety about their rights than they have about their duties. The first effect of going to school is to increase a man's wants faster than his ability to supply them. In this lies the great danger of all young men, white and black, who are poor and are fitting themselves for the world by getting an education. What makes the poor man is not having little, but wanting more. The unhappy poor man is the man who wants more than he can earn, and is made because another man has it. The moment a man or woman allows the desire for more than they can earn to creep into their hearts, the devil is always there to suggest how they can gratify their desires, and then follow crime, disgrace and ruin.

God gave you a great lump of rights in 1865. Many of you have used those rights judiciously. Others have not. God will not trust your people with more rights if you abuse those you have. Every man who abuses his rights strikes a blow at the whole race to which he belongs.

In this last speech I make in this ministry I cannot

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Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1891.

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THE LATEST HERETIC.

In our time heretics above par. If dispensed judiciously, with a knowledge of the conditions and demands of the occasion, the heretic is sure to reap no inconsiderable advantage from his errant utterances. People love novelty and delight in a character who knows how to drive an inch beyond the beaten track without overturning the coach and spilling the passengers. The members of the Presbyterian Church have been supposed to have as little appreciation as any body of theological novelties, but late events indicate that the sense is not in them. The spirit of the age has touched that moribund organization, and a demand for revision of formulas which had been regarded as well-nigh inspired, is heard on all sides.

A little free utterance in his inaugural at Union Theological Seminary has made Professor Briggs the most famous man in the Presbyterian Church. The eyes not only of members of his own denomination, but those of the wider Christian public, are turned toward him. In other days, as the *Christian Union* has it, they were wont to rosette heretics, but now we treat them to warm receptions and introduce them to palatial apartments. Dry orthodoxy was allowed to remain in restricted quarters and on short commons, deemed altogether too shabby for Prof. Briggs in his new departure, who is made comfortable on a \$100,000 foundation from which he can dispense, with some *clat*, the new truth which has dawned upon him. The heretical sentiments in the address thus add to the fame he had already acquired.

But conservatism bays on his track. The address has gone before the Presbytery, and the findings of the committee to whom the document was referred, are adverse to the orthodoxy of the Professor. As a matter of course the case will pass up and be thoroughly canvassed and adjudicated before the approaching General Assembly which is the custodian of the orthodoxy of all the theological schools in the denomination. The temper of the Presbytery was severe and unyielding. Every proposition and suggestion of Prof. Briggs were overborne; the courtesies of such occasions were but sparingly observed. The majority, with the case made up, were intent on the condemnation of the new ideas; and in securing their end were hardly more considerate than a body of politicians. They were in haste to pass judgment. The request of Prof. Briggs that he have a straight-forward presentation for heresy, to go through the synod, and have careful consideration in the General Assembly, was disregarded. The members of the Presbytery seemed disposed to deal with the case themselves, and to pass sentence of condemnation on the higher criticism before opportunity could be afforded for fair trial.

The curious feature in the case is the alighting of Dr. Briggs' departure. He still professes to be a staunch Presbyterian. In error at all, he has evidently driven but a finger's breadth beyond the range of orthodoxy, a variation so slight that it would hardly have been noticed in a sect of less doctrinal stringency than the Presbyterian. To outside observers the wonder is that he has remained so conservative and has been so careful in guarding his statements at every exposed point. What seems at first heretodoxy, is at once brought within proper limits by explanatory clauses. He is liberal, but his liberalism is cautious and conservative. While accepting the most advanced scholarship, he does not allow that scholarship to lead him astray from the great verities of the evangelical faith.

NOT YET.

Christian impatience is a stubborn fact in the spiritual life. Few indeed are the saints who have the supreme grace of waiting patiently for the Lord. "Ye have need of patience," said the writer to the Hebrews; and the need is ours to-day in still greater measure than was true of the early church.

Christian workers, as a rule, are eager for results. Perhaps there is no institution in the world which, practically, estimates its own worth more

closely by direct results than the Christian Church. Wise and devout men exclaim against this method of appraisal. It is unscriptural and it is unreasonable. Yet the fact remains that statistics are the fetish of the Christian Church. A table of flattering figures puts new heart into all believers; yea, and let there be but a blight of mildew upon the grain, and the whole church shouts with exultation, "Behold, the fields are white unto the harvest!"

The greed of visible results - this has been the bane of the Christian Church in all its history. By all means to count some conquest in the little years of the present time, seems to be the ambition of every soldier of the Cross. And yet the Bible tells us over and over again that this is not the way God works. His purpose is as wide as eternity. His method is the patience of the stars. He who consumed six aeons in the evolution of matter, shall He complete His spiritual kingdom in twenty brief centuries? The higher we go in the scale of existence, the slower becomes the process of evolution. "Man attains his maturity after a score of years; the monad completes its humble cycle in a day." As we pass from lower to higher realms - from matter to mind, from mind to spirit - shall we not expect, in the growing complexity of the process, a corresponding slowness of evolution? Can God pervert a kingdom of spirits as rapidly as He has perfected a kingdom of vertebrates? Should we reasonably look for vast and conclusive results in spiritual evolution, during a period while Christianity is still one of the primitive forces of man's higher life?

No, by all the analogies of the visible creation, by all the dictates of reason, by all the assurances of Scripture, we are not to expect large immediate results in the growth of Christ's spiritual kingdom. "The harvest is not yet" - not yet. Ah, if we could but take to ourselves the comfort, as well as the apparent denial, of those little words, "not yet!" They mean that the results are in God's hands - only the sowing of the seed and the watering of the ground in ours. They mean that the harvest is sure, that it must come, that it will come, but - in God's own time. They mean that we must cultivate, and that our characters may grow more Christlike by cultivating, that saintly grace of patience, upon which the Apostle Paul dwells so earnestly in all his epistles. "That we through patience might have hope;" "The God of patience grant you to be like-minded;" "In all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience;" "Followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." The gospels and the epistles are full of exhortations to patience as respects the promises. We must be content to wait for their fulfillment until the appointed time. We must willingly and trustfully bow to the wisdom of God's "not yet."

We cannot see, O God, Thy vast design; Simply to trust is ours - the rest is Thine.

THE SYMMETRY OF WESLEY.

That John Wesley was a many-sided man, was more than once noticed in the articles on the centennial of his death. Like the New Jerusalem of the Apocalypse, he was built "four square," with the length and breadth and height equal. He was a cubic man, complete in every direction. Unlike many of the world's great men, who have great breadth of area and lie close to the ground, he built up beyond the fifteenth story into the perpetual sunlight. This round-aboutness gave him immense advantage, enabling him to operate to any point of the compass. In an important sense he was a bundle of capabilities. Few men could do so many things or do them so well. As scholar, educator, author, preacher, leader, organizer, critic, poet, he stood well up with the first men of his time. He attempted nothing in vain. The main lines he touched have grown in importance with the lapse of years. With the hundred eyes of Argus he saw far down the centuries, and with the hands of Briareus he lifted to importance the noblest enterprises.

In this great ecclesiastical personality there were remarkable harmony and balance of powers. His life was proportioned. No feature jutted beyond the line of scientific admeasurement. Head, heart and hand each held its place and moved easily in the grooves of Providence. Elements diverse and apparently opposite co-operated to secure the highest results. On the intellectual side he was thoughtful, earnest, astute, a master of logic who apparently cared only for the formulations of truth. But in this logician of Oxford there beat a heart at once tender, sympathetic and generous, able to rejoice with those who rejoice, and to weep with those who weep. So human and gentle and condescending, he came home to "the business and bosoms of men," touching them where they lived and moving them to nobler purpose and higher endeavor. But, gentle and sympathetic, this man was no weakling. He had no maudlin tenderness. Inside his great heart was a will, imperial as that of Caesar and destined to high command. Without counterbalancing virtues he could easily have degenerated into a tyrant. To these remarkable inner qualities he joined a love of action which bore him to the ends of the earth. With the combination in a single life of these marvelous qualities, he easily became one of the most noteworthy men of his generation, and, indeed, of any generation. The clear and forceful intellect, the large and generous heart, the imperial will, the love of action, the knowledge of men and the practical sense for affairs - such as these make him the man of a million, the marked man of his age.

In this fullness of character, built out on all sides, we find the charm and strength of this master soul. One-sidedness is weakness as well as deformity; the wall is incomplete. Military men tell us a work is no stronger than the weakest place in it. Some lives exhibit breaches in the wall through which the enemy enters. A small break may be as dangerous as a large one. A broken length of the fence will let all the cattle through. In Wesley there were no such breaches. The wall was not only thick and firm; it had a uniform strength. He built for permanency. His name is to endure when the Pyramids crumble, and even when the heavens are rolled up as a scroll.

In this admirable symmetry Wesley was qualified to be a leader of a people. The misfortune of not a few reformers and ecclesiastical builders has been the unevenness and narrowness of their own lives - defects which pass over into their systems of doctrine and ecclesiastical policies. Men cannot build better than their own genius; they cannot rise above themselves; and, if they have an incomplete or one-sided view of the Gospel, the systems to which they give shape will exhibit the effects of it. Such men are specialists rather than master-builders. Knowing themselves but in part, they are able to prophesy but in part. Admirably as they set forth the truth in part, it must ever be a matter of regret that it is only in part.

To this criticism most of the notable reformers - Luther, Calvin, Knox, the English reformers and the Puritans - are to a large extent exposed. Luther's fight was largely with the devil and the Pope - an intellectual gladiatorial conflict. Much as we admire his brusque energy and invincible courage in an hour when both were so much needed, we regret the loss of spiritual power so deeply felt in Germany ever since. Calvin gave us the hardest side of the Gospel. The souls of men longed for bread; he reached out to them the hard crust of reprobation and election. The Puritans, like their predecessors, approached the evangelical scheme on the intellectual side, and their endeavor has ever been to translate the Gospel into the language of the intellect and to crystallize the truth in form of a creed. In all these schemes there is an incompleteness. They give phases of the truth; there are other phases they fail to give.

For the system inaugurated by Wesley we may not claim perfection; but we may claim something of the balance and harmony found in the character of the founder himself. No one element dominates. The head, heart and hand are there - some of the most precious doctrines, the best type of experience, a marvelous scheme of evangelical activities. The doctrines have proved working theories, and the admirable economy, the outcome of experience, has the credit for not a little of the success of the denomination in the work of evangelization through a vast continent.

In the doctrinal scheme of Wesley we find little which is really new. He was eclectic. He cared little for what was new when he found a better statement ready made. But though there was little absolutely new in Wesley's system, he has the merit of securing a better adjustment of the doctrinal elements. In his view the essence of religion is not knowledge, as held by the Greek and Roman churches and by many of the reformers, but the sense of allegiance to Christ. Dogmas are matters of secondary importance; vital religion is subjective, the consciousness of redemption, the felt communion with the Father through the mediation of the Son and by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. In this scheme experience assumed a new form and took a higher rank. The heart instead of the head occupied the central place, and religion was found less in the creed than in the life. The crowning phase in this experimental scheme was the realization of perfect love, or what is technically known as entire sanctification. By the best of our people the doctrine has been warmly cherished and the lives of not a few have been enriched by this most precious experience.

A Word in Season.

It is not necessary to inform our readers that Zion's Herald is in lively sympathy with the idea of ministerial vacations. The minister's work is incessant, and extremely exhaustive of nervous power. There ought to be a brief season of the year when, as a rule, absolute rest should be taken by pastors. The church will secure in the end more and better work from the man who has been allowed such a break in his yearly toil. While this is most fully conceded, yet there do occur special exigencies where the usual vacation should be forborne, or where the pastor should plan to be absent for only one Sunday at a time. These suggestions are prompted by a knowledge of the loyal purpose of two of our leading ministers, one holding a prominent pastorate in this city, and the other in charge of a very important suburban church enterprise. So urgent do these men consider their work, that they have already decided to decline to take the accustomed respite. Where the vacation is expected and allowed - as it should be in most cases - early and very careful arrangements should be made for the supply of the pulpit in the absence of the pastor. Our denomination adjusts itself very slowly and awkwardly to this necessity. The minister should see to it that the best supplies available are engaged during his entire absence. Is there any sufficiently good reason why all our ministers should be absent from their charges in the month of August? When this is done, the people are left without a shepherd. Is it not possible, by making plans earlier and by exercising a little more of the spirit of fraternal concession, to so arrange that churches and people shall not be left pastorless and desolate for that month? Where two or more ministers are in the same town or city, cannot some mutual arrangement be made to shepherd the flocks during the whole summer? We are confident that a little wise forethought and counsel would arrange a much better and more satisfactory system of vacations in our churches than at present exists.

Our Anniversary.

Five Conferences, namely, New England, Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine and East Maine, have set apart May 24 as Quarter-Centennial Jubilee day, and the New England Southern Conference has set apart May 31. Two conventions will be held - one in Boston, May 24 and 25, and one in Providence, May 31 and June 1. The program for the first series of meetings will be found on the next page, and that for the second series in our next issue. Our second page this week is devoted exclusively to this subject. The secretaries, with able representatives from our schools in the Southland, will be present to speak upon the interesting features and results of the work. New England Methodism should give hearty, enthusiastic and generous expression to its interest in this most important beneficence of the church.

PERSONALS.

Mr. Gladstone is one year younger than Cardinal Manning.

Rev. W. H. Thomas, D. D., preached two very acceptable sermons last Sunday at Park St. Church, this city.

Rev. G. S. Davis, the new superintendent of our Bulgarian Mission, arrived in Rastchuk with his family, April 12.

Rev. J. N. Fradenburgh, of the Erie Conference, has been elected president of Red River Valley University at Wahpeton, North Dakota.

Bishop Vincent is to deliver an address at the Commencement of Randolph-Macon College, an institution of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Bishop Atticus G. Haygood's address on "The Education of the Negro," printed in full on our second page, will be eagerly perused by our readers.

We learn, with sorrow, as we go to press, that Mrs. Elizabeth Sleeper Davis died at Berlin, Germany, last week of pneumonia. We have no other particulars at this writing.

Mrs. James K. Polk, who is so greatly and reverently beloved in Nashville, graced the occasion of the marriage of her grand-niece last week, despite the fact that she is now 88 years of age.

Rev. H. Mansell, D. D., a presiding elder in the North India Conference, and Dr. W. B. Scranton, of the Korean Mission, who have returned to America for rest, arrived in San Francisco, April 29.

In the Springfield Daily Republican of May 5 appears the annual report, by Dr. William Rice, of the City Library of Springfield. It is an able and critical paper, of special interest to librarians.

Rev. E. A. Manning, who for thirty years was secretary of the New England Conference, has returned from Florida, where he has been residing for the past year and a half on account of his wife's health.

In public address last week, Edward Everett Hale made most favorable mention of the Deacons Home Training School in Chicago, which is carried on under the supervision of Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer.

Rev. D. H. Ellis, D. D., superintendent of the Missionary and Church Extension Society, has established his headquarters in Room 21, Wesleyan Building, 36 Broadfield St., where he may be found every day from 11 to 12 o'clock.

The 50th birthday of Dr. W. H. Croghan, professor of languages at Clark University, Atlanta, Ga., was pleasantly celebrated by a reception at the home of President Thirkield, May 5, when a well filled purse was presented to him.

Mrs. Amelia B. Edwards has lately left England for the Riviera, Italy, and Sicily, for the benefit of her health. She has never entirely recovered from the effects of the accident she met with, a year ago, at the end of her lecturing tour in the United States.

Von Moltke wrote a short time before his death that the book which had exercised the greatest influence upon his mind was the Bible, and the second on the list was Homer's Iliad, which he says he read in a translation when he was only nine years old.

Robert C. Winthrop was 82 years old on the 12th inst., and many congratulations came to the fine old veteran. He was graduated at Harvard in 1828, and among his surviving college mates are Oliver Wendell Holmes and Rev. Dr. Andrew P. Peabody.

The last issue of the *Western Christian Advocate* devotes nearly two pages to Dr. Joseph M. Trimble, who died on the 6th inst. There is, also, an excellent likeness of this revered father in the church, with an able eulogistic address by Dr. David H. Moore, the editor.

Prof. H. W. Conn, of Wesleyan University, has been appointed director of the Cold Spring Biological Laboratory, which is under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute, and is designed to assist those who wish to utilize the summer in obtaining a practical knowledge of marine life.

Dean Church, in his history of the "Oxford Movement," says: -

"Mr. Keble had not many friends, and was no party chief. He was a brilliant university scholar, overlaying the plain, unworldly country parson; an old fashioned English churchman, with great veneration for the church and its bishops, and a great dislike of Rome, Dissent, and Methodism."

The *Epworth Herald* has quite outdone itself in the matter of illustrations in the last issue. The faces of nearly thirty of the men who have so largely identified themselves with the young people's movement in our church are given. We shall be pardoned if we pronounce the tribute including Revs. W. I. Haven, W. P. Odell, and C. A. Littlefield, our favorite group.

Commenting upon the excellent volume of Dean Church on the "Oxford Movement," the *Literary World* observes: -

"It remains true that Newman was facing the wrong way, that he took to Rome chiefly because of lack of faith in the powers that are strongest in the spiritual realm, and that it is not by men of his temper that the world is reformed or saved."

The Methodist Church at Bar Harbor, Me., expressed its grateful appreciation of the services of its pastor, Rev. G. W. Winslow, in sending the request, while the Conference was in session, that he be re-appointed to the charge, whether sick or well. It is hoped that he may recover in order to successfully complete the work which he had so well begun on that charge.

An exchange remarks: -

"A strict Calvinist, Dr. Finney was, nevertheless, all his life as much devoted to revivals as to the making of each sermon. Two direct fruits of Finney's revival work in New York city were the establishment of the Broadway Tabernacle, of which Dr. Wm. M. Taylor is now pastor, and the *Epworth Herald* of which Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field is editor."

Rev. Dr. Samuel McBride, of the Centennial Baptist Church, Brooklyn, has resigned his pastorate. His new field of labor will be under the direction of the American Association for the Evangelization of Ireland. It is the intention of the Association to raise \$75,000 in this country to found a building

in Dublin, from which evangelists will be sent out to different parts of Ireland.

Rev. J. F. Haley, presiding elder of Backus District, East Maine Conference, expressed the desire at its recent session to retire from that office, he having served for four years. The request of the ministers for his retention was so urgently pressed upon the Program, that he was re-appointed. He has been very faithful and successful in superintending the work upon the district.

Rev. J. W. Mendenhall, D. D., editor of the *Methodist Review*, gave two lectures on "The Higher Criticism," before the students of Wesleyan University on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of last week. At the close of the second lecture, the Beta Theta Pi fraternity gave him a reception at their club house, the members of the faculty joining in making the occasion rich with social enjoyment.

It was Thaddeus Stevens, the staunch friend of the Negro, the Charles Sumner of Pennsylvania, who replied to the salutation of his faithful servant when he said to him one morning during his last but long illness, "Mr. Stevens, you appear to be better." "It is not my appearance, but my disappearance, that troubles me." Attention is now called to the fact that Mr. Stevens left a will providing that when his estate shall amount to \$50,000, the trustees are to establish in Lancaster, Penn., a home for the relief of homeless and indigent orphans, and no preference on account of race or color is to be shown to inmates.

A writer in the *Christian Union* thus frankly characterizes the members of the British Legion Commission: -

"A much better and fitter man is Professor Marshall of Cambridge, with whose important work on economics we are all acquainted at least by hearsay. Marshall is a singularly able and learned man, who has done much to rescue economic study at Cambridge from the depths to which it had fallen under Professor Fawcett's rule. Like most academic people, he is timid, ultra critical, and rather unpractical. Mr. H. B. Fowler is a fluent, well-informed, mediocre man, Philistine to the backbone - one of the kind of men the House of Commons is full of. Mr. W. E. Gladstone is a man, he has risen rapidly in Parliament, and is probably marked for high office in the next Liberal Cabinet."

Miss Jane M. Bancroft, Ph. D., and George O. Robinson, esq., of Detroit, Mich., were united in marriage, May 7, at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. B. S. Rust in Cincinnati, O., Dr. Rust performing the ceremony.

Miss Bancroft is well known as Dean of the Woman's College of New York City. She is the author of eight years, author of historical pamphlets and an elaborate treatise on deaconesses, and has been active in connection with the Woman's Home Missionary Society. Some time ago she was elected to the chair of history in Ohio Wesleyan University, but had delayed entering upon the duties of the position. Mr. Robinson has practiced law in Detroit for more than thirty years, and is a prominent member of Central M. E. Church.

Principal C. C. Bragdon and the Lasell Round-the-World Party have turned their faces homeward, and will reach this country about June 10. We have several very interesting letters from Mr. Bragdon that will be published at an early date. In a personal note from Constantinople, just received, he says: -

"Bishop Walden and wife were here on Friday and Saturday. It was pleasant to see them. Dr. Long has been a real help and friend to us here. Robert College is greatly prospering. The girls' College is here also. These schools do a work immeasurable for these lands in advancing civilization as well as Christianity. Heard Prof. Anderson preach yesterday morning, and U. S. Consul Swenney preached at the college. Not every consul preaches!"

Mr. Charles L. Lane, of Tremont Street Church, and cashier of the Atlas National Bank, has been the treasurer of the Preachers' Aid Society for the past thirty years. His faithfulness and his tender solicitude for the worn out preachers have greatly endeared him to them. Compelled by ill health to resign his position, the board of managers presented him with a beautiful solid silver salver, and, accompanied by a series of highly complimentary allusions expressing their regret at parting with him. In a very pleasant note of acknowledgment, Bro. Lane says: "My early business life was in the Methodist book-store, where I learned to love the Methodist preachers, and it has always been a delight to me to serve them. I am thankful to have had the privilege for so many years."

It is an ungracious and may seem an ungracious act to criticize the portraits of the "Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church" as given in the issue of May 16 of *Harper's Weekly*, but loyalty to the truth and an affectionate consideration for these eminent men require it. Of the group as a whole the best that can be said is that the faces generally are shocking caricatures. Of several the representation could hardly be less like the original, notably of Bishops Vincent, Mallin, Andrews, Fowler, Walden and Joyce. The Methodist public can but feel chagrined at this imperfect portraiture of their chief pastors.

Robert Graham, of New York, the lifelong temperance reformer, says: "The whiskey-dealer is Irish; the beer-seller is German; Americans are not in the business."

While it is gratefully conceded that Dr. Haynes, of the People's Church, possesses the genius of preaching in an eminent degree, yet perhaps no minister believes more thoroughly than he that the most careful and thoughtful preparation must be made in order to preach successfully. Dr. Haynes remarked to the writer, in response to an inquiry, that he never allowed any interruption to break into his work in the study for the preparation of his sermon.

Here is the secret of the notable success of this man who has so long had the attentive ear of the people of this city and the suburbs. Dr. Haynes believes with Mr. Spurgeon: "A man who goes up and down from Monday morning till Saturday night, and indolently dreams that he is to have his text sent down by an angelic messenger in the last hour or two of the week, tempts God, and deserves to stand speechless on the Sabbath."

More and more, as time rolls on, the unique greatness of Abraham Lincoln is being appreciated throughout this wide world. In the *London Spectator* a generous estimate of this great American is recently appeared, from which the following expressive paragraph is taken: -

"Lincoln was before all things a gentleman, and the good taste inseparable from that character made it impossible for him to be spoiled by power and position. This grace and self-control were never more fully shown than in the letters to his generals, victorious or defeated. When they were beaten, he was anxious to share the blame; when victorious, he was anxious to share the credit. It is a rare quality, that of a general who is not to be repudiated, he did it only the most perfect, and unimmaculate of men. He could convey the severest censure without inflicting any wound that would not heal, and this not by using conciliatory expressions, but in the plainest language. 'He wrote to me like a father,' were the heart-felt words of a commander who had been repudiated by the President. Thenceforward, his communications, in the manner in which he sent them, sank altogether into the sense that the men to

whom they were addressed were in effect his subordinates, is worthy of special note. A breath could make them, as a breath had made, and yet Lincoln writes as if his generals were absolutely independent."

BRIEFLETS.

Memphis, Tenn., is selected as the seat of the next General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

A prominent exchange characterizes the excellent newspaper as one having "a proper supply of snap and brain and genuine merit."

This is the tribute which a wise critic pays to the sermons of a distinguished preacher: "They made men think of the things which the preacher spoke of, and not of the sermon or the preacher."

Mr. Gladstone recently defined the supreme characteristic of the English race as that of a clear perception of a practical end and a resolute persistence in using the most effective means to attain it.

We could wish that the spirit which indited the following paragraph were just a little more prevalent: "If this communication should find its way to the waste-basket, I will feel just as sweet as ever towards the *Herald* and its editor."

The annual examinations of the classes of the School of Theology of Boston University will begin on Monday, June 1, at 2 p. m., and will continue on Tuesday, June 2, from 9 a. m. till 12 m. All the examinations take place at No. 72 Mt. Vernon St.

Pittsburgh Female College and Christ M. E. Church, of Pittsburgh, Pa., were destroyed by fire, May 5. The latter was a beautiful structure, erected at a cost of \$50,000. The College, the estimated value of which was \$60,000, was insured for \$25,000, and the church for \$20,000.

Mr. C. R. Magee, who as a member of the commission on the location of the next General Conference has been in Cincinnati to advise with his colleagues, promptly informs us of the result in the following telegram: "General Conference will be held at Omaha; all conditions met."

Owing to the prevalence of la grippe at Nantucket, it has been found necessary to change the place of holding the New Bedford District Preachers' Meeting. The church at Chatham has extended an invitation to hold the meeting there, the invitation has been accepted, and the meeting will convene there, June 8-10.

We are in hearty sympathy with the following aspiration taken from a printed abstract of a sermon recently delivered by Rev. L. A. Banks, D. D.: -

"I plead for an honest, straightforward brotherhood of South Boston Christians, that shall make it impossible for any working man or woman in South Boston to doubt that Jesus Christ is now, in the year of our Lord 1891, their best and truest friend."

"Of our twenty-three Presidents," says Mr. Sheldon in the *New Englander*, "fifteen were college educated; thirteen out of twenty-two were college graduates; nine were college graduates; twenty-four of our thirty-three Secretaries of State, and twenty-two of thirty-seven Secretaries of the Treasury were college-bred men. The comparative number of college men holding office under the government is decreasing."

Dr. Bridgman, of New York, the Baptist minister who has resigned his charge because he does not feel that his people are in accord with his views, forcibly states the dependence of the minister upon the loyal support of his people in order to do his best work. In this paragraph, which had place in the letter of resignation which he sent to his church: "I am so constituted that any withholding of confidence must impair the heartiness of my ministry."

The program of the Northern New England Sunday School Assembly and Maine Chautauque Union, which is to be held as usual at Fryeburg, Me., is received. The dates are from July 28 to Aug. 15, and the exercises promise to be of unusual interest and strength. Dr. MacArthur, of New York, President Small, of Colby University, Dr. W. N. Brodbeck, of Boston, Rev. C. M. Melan, of Somerville, Prof. John Freeman Palmer, ex-Gov. Robt. and other eminent men and women, are to have part in the exercises.

The executive committee of the Western Section of the Methodist Episcopal Church met at Wesley Hall in the city of Baltimore, May 4, Bishop John F. Hurst in the chair. It was ordered that Dr. S. L. Baldwin be requested to take charge of the matter of transportation of delegates and visitors to the Ecumenical Conference. Bishop Hurst reported that a local committee in the city of Washington had been constituted, and that encouraging arrangements were being made for the entertainment of the Conference. It was resolved that the New York Preachers' Meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church be requested to appoint a committee to welcome such Eastern delegates as may arrive in New York previous to the time of the sessions of the Ecumenical Conference. Saratoga Springs, Aug. 5, at 10 a. m., was fixed as the time and place of the next meeting of the executive committee.

Dr. Stalker, in his last lecture on preaching, at the Yale Divinity School, uttered this great truth: -

"The man of slight culture has always a desire for greater culture, and you may be assured that you will not make a mistake by speaking to the ear alone, for the ear will soon tire of feasting, and then will come a restlessness that is not easily removed. The intellect of man is the seat of his truest and noblest appeal. Another hint I desire to give: I think a minister should always give attention to religious subjects, but it will expand the mind, and the congregation will be certain to profit by the result of the study."

The following statement is made relative to the circulation of the religious press: "The Roman Catholics had the list with 127 papers having about 750,000 circulation, but the Methodists are close behind them with 147 papers having about 680,000 circulation. Of undenominational religious papers it is reported that there are now 39, with 255,000 subscribers. Here are some of the curiosities of the list: Christian Science has 5 papers only. There are 3 Anti-Roman Catholic, with a total circulation of less than 10,000; 1 is devoted to 'Radical Holiness,' 1 to the Church of God, 6 to Latter-Day Saints, 2 to Monnettes, 1 to restoring tribes of Israel to Palestine, 1 in New Hampshire to the Shakers. But four religious papers are credited with more than 100,000 circulation each, viz.: Chicago, *World Wide Missions*, monthly, Methodist, 100,000; New York, *Outlook*, weekly, Roman Catholic, 156,000; Philadelphia, *Sunday School Times*, weekly, undenominational, 148,971; and Philadelphia *Advocate*, quarterly, Baptist, 150,000."

The *Review of Reviews* for May, in an article upon the North American *Review*, remarks: -

"To the uninitiated, nothing would seem easier than for the editor of a rich and pow-

erful periodical to buy twelve or fifteen essays a month, and have his printer put them in type and stitch them together. There are probably seven or eight out of every ten readers of a periodical like the *North American Review*, who suppose that the editor is a man who could do this business rather better than the editor himself does it. It does not occur to them that to plan the magazine, choose the writers, and bring together the final product - a fortnightly issue of the thing may sometimes seem to be done - is really a task requiring much higher constructive ability than that of almost any one of the individual articles

ive paper upon "The Duties of the Teacher from the Standpoint of the Superintendent." He said the great need was efficient teachers. Teachers should have a training-class in which they might be fitted for their work. Teachers should be responsible for good order in their classes. Respect should be had for the day, the Book, and the place. Teachers should be prompt; should bring, and teach from their Bibles. Above all, the teacher should have genuine piety. The second speaker was Mr. Bert Foote, of Jamaica Plain, who has made a reputation as the cartoonist of the evening Record. He gave a "Chalk Talk: Anecdotes in Black and White." He deftly showed how with a little skill and practice one might by use of the crayon impress moral and religious truth upon the mind. Mr. Alexander Chalmers, of the Temple St. school, was the last speaker, and gave an interesting address upon "A New Department." This proved to be the home department of the Sunday-school. He sketched the rise and progress of the movement, and showed its practicability and success as a measure to stimulate study of the Bible among those who cannot attend the sessions of the school.

The Conferences.

(See also page 7.)

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.

Boston District.

Preachers' Meeting.—Rev. W. G. Rich and the new president, was in the chair. An address on "The Cost of Denominationalism" was delivered by Rev. Dr. Wm. Barrows, of Reading. It was a very practical, strong paper, and gave some startling facts for lovers of Christ to think about. On Monday text there will be no Preachers' Meeting, the quarterly meeting of the Freedmen's Aid Society being held in Bromfield Street Church.

Boston, Stanton Ave.—The fifth anniversary of the first preaching service in the grove has recently occurred. Last year was an eventful, prosperous one, a mortgage note for \$5,000 being created. Benevolent collections reported, cash, \$242; home mission supplies, \$265; total, \$507. The net gain in membership was 41. The League pledged membership has doubled. The expenses for the coming year are all covered. Every body is happy and hopeful. Pastor Cushing is expected to deliver the address on Memorial Day before Post 130, West Medway.

Auburn.—The course of lectures upon the "Evidences of Christianity," given each spring at Lasell Seminary by the editor of Zion's Herald, has awakened this year its usual hearty interest among the pupils. The school has had no marked religious revival this season, but several pupils have been added to the church, and much hopeful interest has been exhibited on several occasions, notably at the late visit of Mr. Dwight L. Moody to the school, and during a course of meetings held by him in the Congregational Church in Auburn.

North District.

Somerville, Park Ave.—The pastorate of Rev. John H. Mansfield has opened admirably. He is looking after his work in a sweet and kindly spirit. On Sunday last five were forward for prayers.

Laurens, Parker St.—A cordial reception was given the new pastor, Rev. H. Matthews, and family on Wednesday evening, May 13, by the Epworth League. Before leaving Somerville (Park Ave.), the Bible class and friends presented him with an elegant marble, gold-faced French clock.

Lynn District.

Marblehead.—Rev. W. A. Thurston was given a reception on Wednesday evening, May 6. The large vestry was completely filled. Mr. Albert F. Morris made an appropriate presentation speech in giving to the pastor the collection of pound packages brought by the people. Mrs. Thurston was presented a beautiful bouquet. There was an entertainment also.

Springfield District.

Bondville.—The Conference year started very pleasantly. The weekly offering system is working well, and the organ fund is rapidly growing. Mr. F. A. Packard and family have deemed it best, on account of schools, to move to Springfield. For twenty-one years Bro. Packard has resided in this place and been a very active member of the church. Before their departure their friends gave them a reception at the church. In a fitting address Rev. J. A. Day presented them a silver tea service of seven pieces, a set of silver, gold-lined orange spoons, a silver

of the brethren who have written me are undoubtedly ready to drop under the burden they are bearing, and of these, I fear, too far exhausted to be recovered. This devoted man, Dr. B. H. Badley, declines to quit the field even to save his life. He wants to stand by till he sees that Christian college at Lockwood built and in full operation and opening its portals to hundreds of the youth from the ranks of the 58,000 pupils now in the day and Sunday-schools of our India missions. He only needs some more money to carry out his plan to a conclusion. He has some in hand, but only about one-half of what is necessary, and he is waiting and praying for the rest. The Government has kindly given us a magnificent site for the college. Seventeen thousand dollars would make Bro. Badley one of the happiest men on this earth. Let us help him, in large or small sums, as we are able, and keep on praying that God may join up his feeble strength until he has the joy of seeing this great work consummated for Methodism in India—a school of Christian learning that will dominate and guide the native mind of Central and Northern India in the blessed future now opening before her.

This grand enterprise and the providing of chapels as church homes for our unsheltered congregations and for the thousands now joining us, are at once required. The thirty-four chapels now being finished are not quite one-half of what the present necessities call for. But what a mercy it was that the effort was commenced as this tide of success began to flow in upon our mission! To make this fact still more evident and impressive, I have had Dr. Badley reverse from the Minutes of the three Conferences lately held, the full statistics of our entire work in India up to January 1, 1891. This exhibit is wonderful, and is the most complete view of the work in India that has ever been laid before the church. The last two columns are especially suggestive, showing the increase in the twenty years since 1870, and warrants the anticipation that, if the same ratio of increase continues during the twenty years to come, India may then have 100,000 native Methodist Christians in the great centres of her population, and perhaps a quarter of a million of her children in our Sunday-schools. What that would mean toward her salvation may be imagined by any one who carefully studies the figures here presented:—

North India. South India. Bengal. Total. In 1870. Increase in 20 years.

Moody to the school, and during a course of meetings held by him in the Congregation

The Family.

THREE GIFTS.

OSORA S. DAVIS.

To him who toils, the world's wide gates unbar.
On brows that sweat Time ever places crowns;
For he who strives needs neither threats nor frowns.
New fields, hard won, more sweet than riches are
To him who toils.

To him who prays for strength to meet his day,
For faith to see beyond the clouds that dim
The hills to which his pathway leadeth him,
New vigor comes. God sends the morning ray
To him who prays.

To him who loves!—He, spinning earth, the clod,
Climbs on to mountain-heights from strength to strength;
He thinks transcendent thoughts, and knows at length
That God has given the very power of God
To him who loves.

THE SONG OF THE PINE.

A wind of April softly stole
Over the forest's soul,
And, like a harp in the casement hung,
The boughs and the little leaves began
To sing their songs to the soul of man;
Each as God made it, so it sung.

The sturdy beech of its triumphs told;
The birches sang of the strength of youth;
The willow murmured with pensive gold;
And the oak-tree cried, "I stand like truth!"
But the song that braced my soul like wine
Was the song of the pine.

There he stood, in his cloak and plume,
Robed and wrapt in a stately gown,
In the passing wind his branches rang,
And this was the song that the pine tree sang:

"Life is no play-day,
Revel, or heyday!
Virtue and right—to battle for these,
Wake, O strong soul, from thy dreams and thine ease!
Here, then, stand I,
Sworn to a cause one should live for or die,
I charge not my mail by day or by night;
I stand in the wood, like a challenging knight,
Till the world swears allegiance to virtue and right!"

Then the still wind sank, and the forest was still,
Save a brook, leaping down like a child from the hill.
But I heard in my soul that deep, challenging tone,
For virtue—for right—till the world is thine own!"

—JAMES BUCHANAN, in *Harper's Weekly*.

A WIFE TO HER ANGERED HUSBAND.

To-day, if I were dead, and could not feel
Your kisses, or your tears upon my face;
If all the world could give of woe or weal,
Could find within my heart no resting place;
You would not think of any bitter past;
You would not chide me for a careless word;
You could not do so cruel a thing as
As to condemn me, unconfessed, unheard.

If I were lying wrapt about in white,
With flowers all around me—on my breast
And in my hands; and on my face the light
That angels shed upon their dead at rest;
If I were lying thus, and one should say
Such bitter things as you have said to me,
With sternest anger you would drive away
That one, and swear 'twere all base calumny.

If I were lying underneath the ground,
And all the white snow heaped above my head,
And you, amid the many, one had found
Who dared to say such things about me dead,
You had not words to tell how false were they;
How most unkind was he of unkind men;
Yet all the cruel words that he might say
Would not have power to hurt me, grieve me then.

If you in coming back to-day should find
That death had entered and had called me hence,
How would it be with you in your own mind?
Where for your grief could you find recompense?
The lips that you refused to kiss were still;
They had no children; erst they did not chide,
Nor tell their grievances, closed by a firm will
Held in dominion by a stern pride.

O God! that one must live, and live, and live,
And try to be contented with the hope
That he who knoweth all, somewhere, will give
The fullest love to fill the widest scope!
Yet here, oh, love, why should the days grow long
And through kindness bitter? Death is near!
If you will love me when I'm dead, I pray
Grant me somewhat of love and kindness here!

I'll not rebuke you though my heart be full;
I dare not chide; I, too, may be astray;
Experience yet may teach—a bitter school—
Me what to do, and what, perchance, to say.
And yet, I ask you, humbly, tenderly,
If I should answer never more your call,
Would you not grieve, of all most bitterly,
For words and deeds that are beyond recall?

—Selected.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

God always has an angel of help for those
who are willing to do their duty.—*Dr. Cuyler*.

Some people's lives are like complementary
colors. . . they see blue, and live red.—*Mrs. Whitney*.

Our common Master did not pen
His followers up from other men;
His sermons were the beautiful truth
That shorter made the mountain-walk,
His wondrous texts were flowers and birds,
Where mingled with his gracious words
The rattle of the tamarisk-tree
And ripple-wash of Galilee.

—Whittier.

If we can enter into the company of Christ
and live there, then our unknown possibilities
shall open to us, and in the light of those
unknown possibilities we shall be able to despise
and to escape from the baser things that cling
to us. Do you remember how He went sup-
plying this chain and that chain among the
sons of men whom His life touched? Nicodem-
us came to Him, and the creed-bound
Pharisee became the faith-clad man. Christ
came to the poor Magdalen, and in her sin He
touched her, and she lifted herself up and
was free, not only from her sin, but from the
tyranny of her dark remorse, and entered into
His service, and by and by was with Him at
His crucifixion. He came to twelve plain
men, and touched their lives, and each and
every one of those men became that which
any one of us would like to be: he might
become—one of the apostles of the new
redemption, one of the saviors of the world.
—*Phillips Brooks*.

While I tread life's weary path,
Give me faith, O Lord, to see
In the trials that surround me
Naught but Thee.

Give me strength, O Lord, to lighten
The burdens of the weak around,
And to tell the peace to others
I have found.

When I reach the valley dark,
Give me eyes, O Lord, to see
In that awful, awful darkness
Round me—Thee.

When I touch the gloomy river,
Hold me that I cannot sink;
Hold me, Lord, that I may see Thee
On the brink.

Take me to the "many mansions"
That Thou hast prepared for me;
There I would abide forever,
Lord, with Thee!

—Selected.

The Christ-face in art never satisfies; yet,
such as it is, it sometimes is a gospel in itself,
calling men to reverence and children to love.
When the Magdalen had modeled her Christ
in clay, he led a little child into the room to
know if the features would tell their own
story to the simple and untaught. "Who is

that?" he asked. "It is our Saviour," was
the prompt reply. In like manner the picture
of Page's Christ was shown to a boy seven
years old, without his being told its meaning.
He gazed awhile intently on the face. "What
do you think of it?" one said. He replied
with a reverent simplicity, "Oh, it is exactly
like Him!"

In the light of the fact that beauty comes
from within outwards, may we not look on-
ward to a time when, in a sense in which Paul
did not mean it, we shall all "come to the
perfect man, the measure of the stature of the
fulness of Christ?" . . . To become ever
more and more beautiful—what a beautiful
destiny! Remember the child's story of the
ugly duckling that turned out a swan; per-
haps we may be surprised at ourselves in a
world to come. Have you not some friend, at
least, of whom, if you ever think of the plain-
ness of the poor face at all, the next thought is,
"But your soul shines through already;
and what a beautiful angel you are going to
make!" —*Rev. W. C. Gannett*.

There are no moral blanks; there are no
neutral characters. We are either the sower
that sows and corrupts, or the light that
splendidly illuminates and the salt that
silently operates; but being dead or alive,
every man speaks.—*Chalmers*.

When our first parent was placed in Eden,
God said nothing to him about clearing away
the weeds and nettles; there was no Dutch
hoe put into his hand, for as yet the soil was
clean, and the first gardener's instructions
were simply to dress the garden and keep it.
It is very different work now. Everywhere
weeds and noxious growths of all kinds pre-
vail, and before a man can sow his seeds and
plant his flowers there is much stiff and un-
attractive labor in preparing the ground for
them. This negative work may not make any
show, it may call forth little admiration and
applause, but it is essential. A friend once
called upon Michael Angelo in his studio,
whilst he was at work upon a statue. Some
weeks later he called again, and found the
great sculptor still engaged on the same
marble figure. "Why, you have done nothing
to this statue since I saw it some weeks ago?"
"Oh, yes," replied the incomparable gen-
ius, "I have removed the blemish from
that limb, and taken away the hard expres-
sion from that eye, and corrected the defect
in that muscle." Well, it was only negative
work, but it was indispensable to a successful
result.—*Thain Davidson*.

LASELL ROUND-THE-WORLD PARTY.

VII.
Benares, India.
PROF. C. C. BRADGON.

THIS is a beautiful day, air soft and
sweet, crows cawing, elephants trum-
peting, and bananas and roses and pansies
blooming. Most of us are stout and thriving;
we are getting along first-rate; need no wine,
water good enough so far. I went to Wes-
leyan service at 11 this A. M., and was glad
to be in worship. Last Sunday in Calcutta we
heard Dr. Pentecost at 8.30 A. M. Went to
an open-air meeting in the afternoon, in a
park where English-speaking natives are ad-
dressed by native Christians in English, at
which I spoke briefly, and the Welsh evan-
gelist Hasman, at 6 o'clock. Queer times of
service—8.30 and 6. A barber just came
along and asked me Johnnie if he wanted to
be shaved; Johnnie blushed and denied it,
and then went to shampoo Mrs. B. Some
of the party have gone to Sarnath,
four miles distant, where Buddha is said to
have evolved his plan of religion.

We prefer not to have marigolds in our
garden any more, for we can now see natives
coming with the dead bodies of relatives to
be burned, their faces covered with mar-
igolds.

From Madras all concluded to come on to
Calcutta, skipping Rangoon—a slow trip of
four days. Hotels full at Calcutta. This is
the season here, and all full and high price.
Three days in Calcutta, then to Darjeeling—
a hard trip, but one that pays. Train at 4
o'clock, car to ourselves; boat over river at
7; another car all night, narrow gauge, and
sleep as you can. We had three half-cars
and did pretty well, only very rough track.
At 8 A. M. another change into a lot of little
pony cars which climbed and climbed like
goats till 4 P. M., when we were landed 7,400
feet high up in the hills and with a splendid
view of snowy ranges forty miles away.
Fine sunset on them. These mountains are
almost twice as high as Mt. Blanc. Doesn't
seem possible. Next morning on ponies and
in chairs six miles (I footed it) to a hill
2,000 feet higher (almost a mountain, you
see) for a view of Mount Everest, 29,000 feet,
which we saw over tops of others. It was
all grand. Returning, reached here yester-
day noon by way of Calcutta again. Went
to the Burning Ghat, and saw five or six
bodies burning in an open place on the
river (sacred) edge. As fast as half
burned, the men would poke the bodies about
in order to break them up. Arms and
legs stick out; then they beat them down
into a closer heap. When a little more
burned, they poke what is left into the river
with a stick, scrape away ashes and cinders,
and make a new pile. We saw two trunks
pushed out into the river half burned, and a
dog gnawing a piece of one which he had
picked out of the water. Two bodies were
brought—yes, three—while we were there.
They dip them into water first, then put
them on the pile of wood and touch them off.

Jeyapore, India.

MRS. DR. BRADGON (to her little boy).

This hotel we are staying at is a funny
place. We have to go up on the roof to get
to our room. The front part of the house is
one-story, and the stairs are out of doors,
and after we go up them we have to walk
quite a way on the roof, and then we come to
our door. The room is very large, and has a
cement floor covered with rugs, and the ceiling
has several arches. Then we have a nice
bath-room off of it, as they always build bed-
rooms that way in the East. It has a funny
little zinc bath-tub in it, and when the air is
warm it is very refreshing to be able to take
a bath in the morning; but it isn't warm here
—in fact, it is quite cold mornings and evenings,
and we've been surprised to find it so
cold all through North India, only warm in
the middle of the day, when one has to be
careful not to be out in the sun.

We are sitting with our doors open, and as
the flies and mosquitoes are plentiful, there
are screens in the doors and one window,
made of a thin sheet of zinc with little holes
all over it. We came here on Friday, and are
enjoying this beautiful city very much. All
the houses on the main street are painted a
very pretty pink color, and many of them
have handsome carved screens and little
balconies and turrets, so that it is all very

picturesque, and we like it very much. The
city has a high wall all around, and we enter
it through a great gate. The gate is closed
at 9 o'clock every evening and opened at half
past five in the morning, and between these
hours nobody can get in. All the other cities
we have visited in India belong to the En-
glish, but this one does not; its ruler is a
native, who is called the Maharajah, and his
people seem very happy and contented; indeed,
much more so than those under English rule.
We went to see his palace yesterday; it is
very fine, but the rooms are decorated rather
more gaudily than we should like at home.
He has some tigers which he keeps in a house
built on purpose for them, with iron bars in
front. One of them was an immense fellow,
and when the keeper put his head to the bars
and shouted at him, the tiger growled and
sprang at him so fiercely that I was fright-
ened and ran away, thinking he might break
the bars, and then the people around laughed
at me.

We see a good many camels, but have not
ridden on one yet. Sometimes men are riding
on them, sometimes they carry great loads on
their backs, and sometimes they draw a sort
of stage-coach that comes from some far-off
place where there is no railroad. We moved
out of our trunks some time ago to make
room for the things we had collected, and
now we have moved out of our hand-bags, and
carry most of our clothes in a shawl-
strap. We see lots of monkeys skipping
around on the house-tops. We expect to have
an elephant ride of four miles to-morrow to
Amber, an old city where there is a beautiful
palace. On the way here we saw numbers of
peacocks which seem to be quite as common
as turkeys or chickens in our own country,
and in the zoological gardens we saw a white
one which was very pretty.

We shall leave for Bombay to-morrow.
Then fourteen days' sail by steamship to
Islandia.

ABOUT WOMEN.

About 100 women stenographers and typewriters in New York city are organizing to improve their condition professionally.

Miss Hayden has modified her plan for the
Women's Building at the World's Fair by adding
two aerial gardens, one at either end of the building,
40x100 feet.

Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, editor of *Harper's
Bazar*, spends the summer at Pompton, N. J. She
reaches her office in the Franklin Building every
morning by 9 o'clock, and remains there until 3 or 4
o'clock in the afternoon. Her office is not a particu-
larly cheerful one, but she brightens it up a bit by
keeping a bouquet of flowers on her desk. She has a
very bright, pleasant face.

Mrs. Custer, author of "Boots and Saddles,"
and "Following the Guidon," sailed for Europe
May 13, and will probably spend several months in
travel abroad. Her last summer's journeying in the
West verifying literary data proved very fatiguing,
and she feels a complete rest and change will be
necessary before she can finish her researches in early
pioneer history.

The Women's Canning and Preserving Com-
pany, of which Miss Amanda T. Jones, of Chicago,
is president, is said to have a capital of \$100,000,
and has one plant in operation in Chicago which can
put up 500 cans daily. They have also decided to
build a factory at Benton Harbor, Michigan, for the
canning of uncooked foods.

The graduation of nine women as physicians
from the New York Medical College for Women
quickly succeeded the graduation of the fourteen
women lawyers from the University of the City of
New York. All the reasons which support the fitness
of women for the bar can be urged in favor of their
entrance on the field of medicine. The keenness and
quickness of an educated woman's mental processes,
the ability in which she far surpasses men in in-
tuitive grasping truths, her hatred of wrong and her
prompt sympathy for every kind of suffering, all
point to her capacity for both the great professions of
law and medicine. But in addition to this there is a
most important argument to be urged in favor of
women physicians. By far the greater portion of
medical patients in the United States are women.
And in medicine, as in most other things, no one can
minister so naturally and effectively to the needs
of women as women themselves. The experiment is
not a new one. Women have already achieved a
certain measure of success as physicians. There
have been greatly hampered by inadequate educa-
tional facilities and the force of conservatism, which
is nowhere more potent than among the feminine sex.
But in all directions the paths of education are being
opened to women who have the intelligence and en-
ergy to take advantage of them, and the prejudice
against women's work outside the home circle is less-
ening very rapidly. It would be rash to prophesy, but
it does not seem impossible that before the noon of
the twentieth century is reached women may have
established themselves, beyond all question, as skilled
and generally popular physicians of their own sex. —
New York Press.

"HOW THE BREACH WAS HEALED."

Memorial Day Story.

RELLY V. CHISHOLM.

FOR war began, a feud had existed between the
families of John Mellon and Amos North.
Once they had been on the most neighborly
terms, but the two fathers had quarreled over
the line that divided their farms, and, each
believing the other in the wrong, the breach
had never been healed. Their children, im-
bibing the spirit of their parents, had grown up
bitter and resentful towards each other;
yet if they had been asked the cause of their
enmity, not one of them could have given an
intelligent answer concerning the trouble that
had driven their parents so far apart.

When news of the fall of Fort Sumter
reached the little hamlet where the two fam-
ilies dwelt, Nicholas Mellon and David North,
the first-born sons in the discordant homes,
were among the first to offer their services to
their country. The boys were both young,
and had never been away from home for any
length of time before, so it was not strange
that even while they lay in camp at Wheeling,
only forty miles from the old farm-houses
where they had been born and reared, they
suffered most keenly from that sorest of all
diseases, homesickness.

It was well on in September before their
regiment was ordered to break camp and pro-
ceed to the front. The soldiers had long
been restless to engage in active service, and
received the news with the greatest enthu-
siasm. With the marching orders had come
directions to grant five-day furloughs to a
hundred men—ten from each company—and
as it was the last chance they would have
of visiting their homes for a long time, per-
haps forever, they waited the drawing with
breathless anxiety. At last the officer of the
day appeared and began reading the list of
lucky names. Perhaps among the thou-

sand eager men no more homesick, desolate
hearts could have been found than those
beating under the blue jackets of the two
boy-enemies—Nick Mellon and Dave North.
Their faces were a study while the names
were being called, and when, the ninety-ninth
on the list, "David North" was read, Nick's
cheeks turned pale, and he would have fallen
to the floor had he not grasped a chair for
support.

"Poor fellow! He has just received word
that his mother is dying," said a man at
Dave North's elbow. "It is very hard that
he cannot go. I pity him from the bottom
of my heart."

Dave pitied him, too, enemy though he
was, and in his heart he really wished that
his name had been drawn instead of some of
the other fellows, or, indeed, instead of his own;
for since he had entered the army he had been
trying to live a Christian life, and he felt
that even for an enemy's sake he could have
borne the disappointment that had not come
to him, as it was.

"Can you not bear it—as it is—for Jesus'
sake?" asked his conscience. "Can I? He
is my enemy," pleaded his heart. "I want
to see my mother too, and I owe him noth-
ing." "Owe him nothing! What did Jesus
owe you?" urged the voice within. "Inas-
much as ye have done it unto me." "For
Jesus' sake it must be done, it must, it must,"
he gasped; and then, fearing that his resolu-
tion would not hold out, he hurried to the
colonel, stated the case in a few words, and
asked that the furlough for the Redoubt boy
be made out for Nicholas Mellon.

Nick could not believe the story when the
paper was put into his hands, but there was
no time to fool away, for the train was com-
ing, so he hurried off without even a word of
thanks to his generous foe. He reached home
in time to receive his mother's dying blessing,
and to see her laid tenderly away among the
flowers in the family burying lot. A few days
later he was stricken down with a fever,
and before he was able to return to duty, his
regiment had joined McClelland's troops in the
far east, and had even enjoyed the taste of
war for which some of the poor fellows had
been thirsting. At Nick's own request he
was transferred to a Pennsylvania regiment,
and it was months before he again heard of
the boy who had sacrificed so much for his
sake.

But there came a time when he did hear of
David North—a time, too, when the poor
fellow needed a helping hand even worse than
did he that day when he received the letter
about his mother's sickness. David, always
so true to his convictions of duty, had been
condemned by a court-martial to be shot for
sleeping at his post as a sentinel. It was just
after the battle of Fredericksburg, and the
poor fellow, worn out with the fatigue of the
march and the anxiety of the fight, had been
overcome by his weakness, and was to be
pitied rather than blamed; still the laws of
war were stringent, and no provisions had
been made for the human side of such mis-
takes.

As soon as Nick heard of the trouble, he
wrote out a petition asking that the boy be
pardoned, and spent the whole night
going from tent to tent for the purpose of se-
curing signatures among those who were ac-
quainted with Dave. Having enlisted the in-
fluence of the officers in charge in the case, he
found no difficulty in obtaining leave of ab-
sence, nor in securing a hearing from the
major of all men he wished most to see, Abrah-
am Lincoln. After listening quietly to the
sad story, and looking over the long list of
names appended to the petition, the President
took up his pen and wrote out the desired
pardon. Then turning to Nick he said: "It
is done. I could not think of going into
eternity with the blood of that poor young
man on my skirts. It is not to be wondered
at that a boy raised on a farm, probably in
the habit of going to bed at dark, should,
under such circumstances, fall asleep; and I
cannot consent to shoot him for what he
could not help. Go back and tell him so."

Nick hurried away, but before he reached
camp the good news had been flashed over
the wires, and Dave had walked free!

"I never can repay you, Nick, never," he
gasped, as he held out his hand to the man
who had been the means of saving him from
a disgraceful death.

"I have only paid off an old debt, Dave,"
responded Nick. "Do you think I can ever
forget how you sent me home to see my dying
mother on that terrible day when my name
was not on the lucky list? I never could
understand why you did that generous act, and
we at enmity, too."

"It was for Jesus' sake, Nick. I never
could have made that sacrifice had I not been
trying to serve the One who died for me."

"It was a most Christly deed, my brother,
and it was that very act that made me believe
in your religion and long to possess it myself.
I found it all that a lonely heart could wish,
and now I am sure you will be glad to hear
that the Saviour you love and serve is my
Saviour too."

The two spent a few minutes more in right-
ing the wrong that had darkened their boy-
hood days, and then Nick hurried away to
join his regiment which was under marching
orders.

The next time they met was on the bloody
field of Chancellorsville, and when the smoke
of the battle had cleared away, Nick found
his friend Dave lying among the dead, his
face as calm and peaceful as if he had just
fallen into a restful sleep. In his breast-
pocket, damp with his life-blood, was found a
photograph of the President, and on the mar-
gin, traced in Dave's own hand, were these
words: "God bless Abraham Lincoln and
Nick Mellon! They saved my life." With
all a brother's tenderness Nick prepared the
body for burial, and started it on its last and
journey to the old home among the Ohio
hills.

Nick lived to reach home after the war
closed, but his health was shattered, and in
the course of a few months another soldier's
grave was dug in the old burying-ground on
the ridge, and at his own request the new
grave was hollowed out by the side of the
one that had been made for Dave exactly two
years before. People wondered at the strange
request, but when they heard the story of
the furlough and of Nick's visit to President
Lincoln, they understood its meaning, and
were not surprised to see the two old fathers
shake hands across the twin graves. It was
amidst the flowers of May that each of the

heroes had been laid to rest, and long before
the 30th of that month had been set apart as
"Decoration Day," the two families, drawn
together by their sorrow, made it a point to
cover their loved ones over with flowers on
the anniversary of their burial, which oc-
curred on the same day of the month, and by
a strange coincidence upon the same day
which was afterwards chosen for the nation's
Memorial Day.

Year by year, as time slips away, the fam-
ilies of the two dead soldiers gather around
the double grave and lay their floral offerings
down. Some of the members of each family
have gone out into the world to make homes
for their own loved ones, but Memorial Day
calls them all back to the spot made sacred
by the burial of their dead. They can never
forget the boys that died, nor yet the peace
purchased at their open graves.

A PRESCRIPTION.

My pallid friend, is your pulse beating low?
Does the red wine of life too sluggishly flow?
Set it spinning through every tingling vein
By out-door work, till you feel once again
Like giving a cheery school-boy shout;
Get out!

Are you morbid, and, like the owl in the tree,
Do you gloomily brood at what you can't see?
Perhaps, now, instead of being so wise,
You are only looking through jaundiced eyes;
Perhaps you are bilious, or getting too stout;
Get out!

Out in an air where fresh breezes blow
Away all the cobwebs that sometimes grow
In the brains of those who turn from the light
To all gloomy thoughts instead of the bright.
Content with such foes, and put them to rout;
Get out!

Selected.

THE GIFT OF A THORN.

AND lest I should be exalted above measure
through the abundance of the revelations,
there was given to me a thorn in the flesh."

"There was given to me," can the thorn be a gift
from God? I am in the habit of seeing God's gifts
in the abundance of the things which my life pos-
sesses; and I call those things the dangers of life
which diminish the sum of its abundance. Here is a
complete reversal of my thought; the abundance is
the danger, and that which diminishes it is a gift.
Paul was exalted above measure; he had been stand-
ing on the mountains of prosperity and summering
in the sunshine of a cloudless day. The cloudless-
ness of the day was his greatest danger, and there is sent
a mist over the sun. His life has been redolent with
a breath of flowers, and there is sent a thorn among
the flowers. The thorn is God's best gift to the soul;
there is something protective in it. It has neither
beauty nor fragrance, but it yields the sweet uses of
adversity—it reminds the human soul that it is,
after all, only human.

Dear Lord, I have never thanked Thee for the
thorn in the flesh. I have thanked Thee a thousand
times for the roses, but not once for the thorn. I
have been looking forward to the world where I
shall get compensation for my cross, but I have never
thought of my cross as a present glory. Then,
Divine Love, whose human path has been perfected
through suffering, teach me the glory of my cross,
the value of the thorn in the flesh. Show me that I
have climbed by the path of pain. Show me that my
tears have made my rainbow. Reveal to me how
my strength came as the product of that hour when I
wrestled until the breaking of the day. Then shall
I know that my thorn was blessed by Thee, my cross
a gift from Thee, and I shall raise a monument to
the hour of my sorrow; and the words which I shall
write shall be these: "It was good for me to be af-
flicted." —*Selected*.

INCOME AND OUTGO.

ALL judicious and honorable people wish
to know how much money they can
depend upon for their support during a given
time. This ascertained, they limit their
expenses accordingly.

There are few, however, even among the
clear-headed and sensible, who go so far as
to reflect that their income consists of some-
thing beside money—something else which
money cannot buy, and which is, therefore,
without price. One's physical strength is
really one's most precious possession. It is
given to us each day with our daily bread.
It is the result which chiefly justifies us in
making our daily bread the subject of
prayer. As it comes to us in smaller or
larger degree, and as it is put to noble or
to trivial uses, so the success of our lives is
measured. It is the crown of the choice
earthly blessings which our Heavenly Father
has poured out upon us. And yet, when we see
the recklessness with which men and women
count their pennies closely waste their
vitality upon foolish and unworthy objects,
it would seem as though they thought they
possessed an unlimited supply of this royal
currency.

Men sin vastly more heinously than women
in this respect, if the appallingly large army
of the dissipated and the vicious among them
be considered. But among what are called
respectable classes, the men are likely to be
far more methodically occupied than the
women, and, therefore, they get more good
for themselves and their families from ex-
pended vitality than women in the same sta-
tion in life. It is the so-called "educated"
and "conscientious" women of our land
those who should lead in the matter of econ-
omy of vital force, just as they should and do
lead in the matter of the waste expenditure of
money—who are the most flagrant offenders
in this respect.

Most women seem to be lacking in the
power to look at life as a whole, and to give
to each part of it its true value. For in-
stance, there is the hyper-nervous woman. We
all know her. She toils constantly over this
department of her housekeeping, expending
it nearly all of her hard-earned, and in-
valuable vital force. Every faithful house-
keeper desires a neat house; but there is a
happy medium which should be the goal of
the efforts of every broad-minded woman.
These foolish virgins whose super-fastid-
iousness has been alluded to would admit, if
they were questioned and if they answered
candidly, that they have not strength enough
to suffice

Review of the Week.

Tu. day, May 12.

A financial panic exists in Portugal.
— Spanish Republicans win in the elections in Asturias.
— The French Senate approves the report on the Franco-German arbitration.
— The lumber dealers' lockout in New York throws 16,000 men out of employment.
— The Chilean insurgent cruiser "Esmeralda" is steaming north to protect the "Itala."
— The Italian consul at New Orleans has been ordered home to give the version of the lynching.
— At least eight men perished and many were frightfully burned in fighting a forest fire in Coudersport, Pa.
— The U. S. Supreme Court refuses to interfere in the case of murderers Wood and Jagger, condemned to be electrocuted.
— The Pennsylvania Supreme Court upholds the law taxing the Pullman Palace Car Company and the Western Union Telegraph Company.
— In the Dominion House of Commons two prominent men were charged with malversation of public money, to the amount of nearly half a million dollars.

Wednesday, May 13.

— A woman has an electric novelty in store for the World's Fair.
— Prof. E. L. Curtis, of Chicago, succeeds Prof. Harper at Yale.
— Commander Bicknell, of the "Galena," is suspended for one year.
— An attempt was made on the Casewitch's life, while he was traveling in Japan.
— Captain Verney has been expelled from the House of Commons for immorality.
— The payments for pensions this year will fall below the appropriations by nearly ten millions.
— Fearful ravages by forest fires are reported in Michigan and Pennsylvania. Villages have been swept in both States.
— The New York Presbytery, by a vote of 44 to 31, accepts its committee's majority report accusing Prof. Briggs of heresy.
— Thursday, May 14.
— Lord Wolseley has joined the Home Rulers.
— The Barbados wish to enjoy reciprocity with this country.
— The American Bible Society celebrated its 75th anniversary.
— An attempt was made to assassinate President Hippolyte of Haiti.
— The price of corn, oats, wheat and other farm products has gone up.
— The race war breaks out anew in Corfu, and two Hebrews are killed.
— A. J. W. Brown, clothing manufacturer of New York, has failed for \$1,000,000.
— The 15th Conference of Churches and Clergy began at Indianapolis.
— Dr. Graves denies that he ever admitted sending the whiskey to Mrs. Barnaby.

Friday, May 15.

— The Bismarck Monument fund is now \$20,000.
— Rev. Dr. Francis Zabracki, of Princeton, N. J., is dead.
— The Harrington brothers are about to desert Farnell.
— The Chinese at Woe Hoo attacked the British Consulate.
— Dr. Alfred Hosmer, an eminent physician of Watertown, died yesterday.
— President Harrison was enthusiastically welcomed at Indianapolis yesterday.
— The Union League Club of New York has taken action in its loose naturalization law.
— Mr. Carl Patton has been elected Director of the New England Conservatory of Music.
— The assault on the Casewitch turns out to have been a broken head in a police scrimmage.
— The New Orleans Committee of Fifty report on the Mafia and suggest methods for its extermination.
— A memorial service in honor of Admiral Porter was held in Tremont Temple under the auspices of the city of Boston.

Saturday, May 16.

— Mr. Blaine's health is improving.
— Gold reached 200 in Buenos Aires.
— The Portuguese cabinet has resigned.
— The President arrives in Washington.
— The strikes throughout Belgium are collapsing.
— The "Esmeralda" and "Itala" are reported off Aspinwall.
— Emperor William narrowly escaped being killed by a carriage accident.
— In Russian Poland a gripe has decimated the population in several villages.
— The faculty of the Union Theological Seminary issued a statement defending Prof. Briggs.
— G. B. Baum, Jr., has resigned from the Pension Bureau under compulsion; charges of irregularity are made against him.
— The Marquis di Rodolfo tells the Chamber of Deputies that the New Orleans affair has been exaggerated, and is of no particular importance.

Monday, May 18.

— The Italians of Boston have raised over \$1,000 towards a monument to Columbus.
— Dr. Graves has been indicted for the murder of Mrs. Barnaby.
— Muskegon, Mich., had a \$500,000 fire; 300 buildings were burnt.
— The "Esmeralda" and the "Charleston" were at Aspinwall, the latter coaling. The "Itala" has escaped.
— Mayor Shepley asks for the recall of Italian consul Cortes from New Orleans.
— The new Hamburg-Lube steamers "Fuerst Bismarck" beat all previous maiden records from Southampton to New York on her first trip.
— The cause of the assault on the Casewitch would be that he wore boots at the shrine of a Buddhist temple.
— The people of the South are asked to contribute to a monument to the memory of Jefferson Davis.

Rev. Dr. Daniel Leach, for over 28 years superintendent of public schools in Providence, is dead.

THE CONFERENCES.

(Continued from Page 4.)

cured after the season, covering a good portion of the small debt. In the evening Dr. Bates lectured upon his trip abroad of "Forty-four Thousand Miles in an Hour." April 27, the hearts of pastor and wife were gladdened by the coming of a little one whom they named Irving Bancroft. May 12 the little life was taken to himself by Jesus, the children's Friend. At Marston's Mills, a part of the same charge, the Sunday-school is flourishing, having more than doubled in numbers during the year past. New books have been added to the library, and even greater prosperity is anticipated.

Rev. Geo. W. Elmer was given a surprise party by his people at Cottage City previous to his departure. After a musical program, a purse of money, some fine silver-ware and dry goods, with a commendatory letter, were presented him. At Chelsea, his new field of labor, on April 29, the church gave a public reception at which 150 persons were present in the vestries. Addresses were made in behalf of the church and the various boards and societies connected with it. Representatives of the other churches of the village also extended a welcome. Refreshments were served. The "grip" has been epidemic, and several deaths have resulted from it in the place.

Bro. Noah Tripp, of New Bedford, an elderly, well-known and honored layman, is seriously sick with the prevailing influenza. The death of James Dinwiddie, of the same place, occurred on the 10th inst. The funeral service was in charge of the pastor of Pleasant St. Church, Rev. A. Cameron, who was assisted by Rev. C. S. Davis, of Bourne.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE.

Manchester District.

The new presiding elder has been cordially received thus far by the churches to which he has gone. At St. Paul's a resolution of greeting was adopted by a rising vote, and all joined to sing "Blest be the tie." At Salem Depot the Epworth League, under the lead of the pastor, Rev. F. B. White, went into matters quite elaborately. A large congregation gathered in the church, which was beautifully decorated with flowering plants, and amid singing, Scriptural reading, prayer, and an address by the pastor, the welcome was given. It was a complete surprise. After the new-comer had responded, he was presented with a handsome basket of flowers. Bro. Tyrie, of Lawrence, who had been let into the secret, was present and gave a fine address on Epworth League work. The entire company remained to the vestry where, after a season of hand-shaking, cake and ice-cream were served.

Rev. E. W. Eldridge has begun his work at Salem, First Church, under favorable auspices. Everything is pleasant, and the outlook good.

The people at North Salem say good words of Bro. Draper, who returns for a second year. He is a student at Boston University where he spends five days of the week; but when on the home field he is busy at work.

Rev. H. E. Allen seems to be the right man for the Goffstown charge. They have received him very kindly and gave him a generous pound party soon after coming. He is happy in the work, and is earnestly praying for a gracious revival of religion.

B.

Dover District.

The League at Methuen invited the young people's societies of the town to a gathering at their church on the evening of May 7, and Rev. O. S. Baketel, a former pastor, was asked to address them. After the address cake and ice-cream were served and a delightful social hour spent. The pastor, Rev. G. H. Spencer, is very popular with this people.

B.

Dover District.

The Milton Mills appointment seems to be putting on strength. Within the last three months the pastor reports 20 persons converted and uniting with the church on probation. The brethren are pushing the subscriptions for the pastor's support, to be paid on the weekly offering plan. The trustees are requested to take steps at once to make some minor but needed improvements on the house of worship, and they will soon resume work, suspended for the winter, on the parsonage.

Newmarket rejoices in the "perfect fit" of the newly appointed pastor, and hopes to see the work, so well begun last year, carried steadily forward.

The Hedding Camp-meeting Association has invited several brethren to hold a holiness camp-meeting, July 13-18, at East Epworth, under direction of Bro. C. J. Fowler, S. E. Quimby and others, and authorized President Fox and Secretary Cole to co-operate with them in planning the work of the meeting. Our regular district meeting will be held August 24-29. The new farm-house being erected by Bros. Fox, Woodbury, and Dawson, the committee, is rapidly progressing and will contain eleven spacious rooms beside the attic, which will be left unfinished for the present.

G. W. N.

Concord District.

Hosack. — This church alternates between Congregational and Methodist pastors every five years. So in delightful union the people sing, "Blest be the tie that binds," etc. Rev. A. C. Coult has just entered upon his work as pastor of this church. His genial, earnest spirit will secure for his ministry the favor of all the people.

S. C. K.

MAINE CONFERENCE.

Portland District.

The pastors at Old Orchard, Buxton, South Standish, and York are planning improvements on their church edifices.

The health of Sister Millward is improving, and she hopes soon to be able to join her husband at Sanford.

Saco. — Rev. G. C. Andrews met with a warm reception at Saco, and occupies a new residence on Spring St.

Berwick. — Rev. F. Grover saw one soul converted in class-meeting the very day of his arrival on his new charge at Berwick, and was tendered a hearty reception by his aggressive church.

Chebeague. — Seven arose for prayers at Chebeague Island last prayer-meeting night.

Kittery. — Rev. J. H. Traak, on entering his new field of labor with the Second Church, received a generous "pounding."

Saccarappa. — During the past year the salary of the pastor was raised \$100, and the benevolences were increased 20 per cent. above the average. Thirty-two persons were received on probation and eleven baptized during the last quarter. Since Conference two have been converted, and the whole church are delighted at the return to them of Rev. A. W. Pottle for his second year of his second pastorate in this latest addition to Maine cities.

Lewiston District.

Bridgton. — Rev. A. E. Parlin met with an enthusiastic welcome.

Brunswick. — The Conference was a blessing to the church. Rev. F. C. Haddock was tendered a reception, his salary raised \$100, and a vacation of three weeks voted him by the board.

South Paris. — The church here gave the pastor, Rev. Thomas Whiteside, and his family a very warm welcome on his return from Conference. On Wednesday afternoon the ladies took possession of the parsonage and made arrangement for a picnic supper. In the evening the friends commenced to arrive, and continued to come until every part of the house was packed full. After a satisfactory supper, a pleasant and profitable evening was spent in conversation and hymns of praise. There is a growing desire being manifested for a deeper work in the church and salvation for the community.

Augusta District.

Rev. J. B. Lapham, presiding elder, began his work at Farmington, and found the revival spirit present at New Vineyard.

Oakland. — The family of Rev. A. Hamilton is deeply afflicted in the loss of an infant boy, ten days old.

Farmington. — Rev. W. F. Berry was tendered a reception and his salary raised.

Augusta. — The financial report makes an excellent showing. For a printed slip to distribute, called "Pastoral Hints; Get Ready for Work," write to Bro. Ross, who can supply one.

F.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE.

Bangor District.

Bangor, Grace Church. — The opening at Grace Church has been exceedingly pleasant, and the outlook is very hopeful. The congregations are large, and there is a strong band of young people. The pastor, Rev. F.

C. Rogers, was given a reception Tuesday evening.

Rockland District.

Thomaston. — The members of this church and society, in connection with the Epworth League, called upon their pastor, Rev. C. A. Plummer, on Wednesday evening, May 6, to welcome him and his family upon his re-appointment to serve them for the fourth year. Several beautiful and valuable articles of silver were presented to Bro. Plummer and wife, with fitting words of appreciation of past service and hearty welcome to the continued relation of pastor, by Major J. H. Hewitt. It being the thirtieth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Plummer, many pleasant words of greeting and wishes for long-continued life, happiness and usefulness were exchanged.

NEW YORK EAST CONFERENCE.

A blessed revival has prevailed for the last three weeks in the church at Bristol, Conn. A series of meetings began on Thursday evening after the Conference closed, with Rev. J. H. Weber, the Ohio evangelist, to help. Already nearly one hundred have united with the church, and at least 300 have started to seek God. The entire community has been moved, and an impetus given to the work of God here which will be felt in years to come. Bro. Weber is a plain and fearless preacher, a broad singer, and a man of prayer. His preaching this charge is thus far one of gracious revival, and we look for a harvest all the year through.

A. H. WYATT, Pastor.

SOCIAL UNION—LADIES' NIGHT.

For once a pleasant night greeted the members of the Union on the always memorable ladies' night. About 350 people sat down to tables more than usually bountiful with numerous delicacies. The new pastors in and around Boston were pleasantly conspicuous among the crowd which filled and overflowed the auditorium. The opening prayer was by Dr. N. T. Whitaker, of Lynn Common Church. After the vials had been fully disposed of, a selection was given most acceptably by the Tremont Quartet, which also rendered various other selections throughout the evening with a delicacy and musicality and a sweetness of tone which proved most enjoyable to the company. Prayer was then offered by Rev. Dr. H. E. Allen. Ten new members were added to the Union, and several propositions for membership were submitted.

Rev. W. R. Clark, D. D., read a series of tender and appropriate resolutions on the death of Rev. Ralph W. Allen, D. D. Dr. Allen was one of the original members of the Union, and had always evinced a warm interest in its success. Rev. W. N. Brocke read resolutions on the death of Dr. Eben Tourjee. Dr. Tourjee's service to the church, to the cause of Christianity, and to the cause of music, were ably presented. The various resolutions were ordered spread upon the records of the Union.

The speaking was opened by a brief address from Rev. E. J. Haynes, D. D., who had been called upon to fill a gap. He touched upon the force of the contact of soul with soul, each developing its individuality, yet each blending into the personality of the other. Dr. Haynes' address was replete with sentiments eloquently expressed, in which he gave some exemplification of the mystery attending life and its mature development. He was followed by Rev. John Galbraith, of the Highland Church, who opened with a pleasant allusion to his position among the speakers, and humorously mentioned that he could have boasted of a Celtic name, the place of his birth might have given him what is known as a "pull" politically. He spoke of his relations to Methodism, and of the honor he felt in belonging to it. He pleaded for a greater solidarity in the church of God and for a proper denominational standing solidly for a true Christ and a faithful adherence to the tenets of the Christian faith. The closing address was by Rev. Dr. W. W. Ramsey, of Tremont St. Church. Dr. Ramsey, who has little of the typical Western man to distinguish him, was very heartily received by the audience. He spoke of the generous reception that had been accorded to him in Boston, and of the present occasion as "a bright link in a chain of pleasant events" since he had reached this city. His impressions of Boston Methodism were most favorable and also of the beautiful spirit he had found manifested here. He had been asked his impressions of Methodism in the West. His answer was that it was difficult to locate the West since Omaha, the seat of the next General Conference, and which had been considered in the extreme West, was found to be not half way between Omaha and the Pacific. The Doctor's remarks were pleasantly optimistic, full of incident and sentiment, and left the audience in a delightful frame of mind. He closed with a prayer which was a kaleidoscopic variety of eloquence and sentiment, you will find it among the Methodist ministers who happen to be guests of the Social Union on ladies' night.

A.

A MID-WEEK PRAYER-MEETING.

S. R. BRIDGMAN.

The pastor had notified his church on the Sabbath previous that at the next regular prayer-meeting he would ask these two questions: "What led you to Christ?" "What has helped you to live a Christian life?" "What has helped you to live a Christian life?" and urged all Christians to be present and, as far as possible, to give their testimony. The church was crowded, and the interest deepened as young and old simply told the story of personal experience. Young men and women gave incidents which had been turning points in their lives. One had been led to Christ through the invitation of a friend to prayer-meeting. Another had been reached by a letter from a Christian schoolmate. Another by a simple word in season. Another, a young married man, who in digging a well for his new home, looked up to hear from his invalid father leaning on his cane, "My son, dig deep for the water of life." A young lady said: "The example of my father and mother at home. One communion Sabbath in my early years my parents sat in the 'broad aisle' and I was left alone in the side pews, my father saying only those who partook of the Lord's Supper sat together. My heart was broken, and I cried through the service at the thought of being shut out from my dear ones because I did not belong to Christ. It was not long before I was enclosed in the fold."

Aged men who had fought a good fight told of trials and disappointments, and of Him who is mighty to save." Leading them through the deep waters, and their weak trembling voices told us that soon the battle must be finished, and they would rest from their labors. Another aged one knelt in prayer—and such a prayer! It seemed as if he had an undoubted vision of the throne of God, and we all were standing before the burning bush and felt the presence of the Infinite One. At last a lady with snowy hair and a saintly face rose and gave her experience, and a holy hush came upon the audience as she told the story of God's love and tenderness and of His power to save. Such an hour—will it ever be forgotten by those who listened? Let us have more of such

meetings! They are like the palm trees in the desert.

CANADIAN LETTER.

OUR NEIGHBOR.

As the New England Conferences are now over, you can, perhaps, afford a little space for Canadian news. The

Missionary Spirit

is still alive in our midst. Another foreign field is to be added to our Methodist territory. Four missionaries, two of whom are medical men, have been appointed to the province of Tientsin, said to be the most populous western province of China. Rev. Dr. Hart is appointed superintendent of the mission band. He has been twenty years a missionary in China in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church, so that his experience will qualify him for his onerous position. His health is fully restored. The mission band will have a population of at least sixty millions among whom to labor. They will visit several of our Annual Conferences shortly, and thus form an acquaintance with the brethren to whom they will look for sympathy and help. A farewell meeting will be held in Toronto, which will be a good send-off to the heroic brethren who have volunteered for the Celestial Empire.

It may not be known to all your readers that in connection with the British Columbia Conference there are successful Chinese missions at the city of Victoria and Vancouver. Recently a church capable of holding about four hundred persons was dedicated at the former place. A pleasing incident at the dedicatory services was the announcement that \$300 had been contributed to the building fund by Chinese merchants in San Francisco. Another was, that not a single Chinese storekeeper in the city refused to contribute towards the erection.

Some of our people are afraid that our Missionary Board is extending the missions too rapidly. The domestic missions require much financial aid; their number in the Northwest is rapidly increasing and several soon become self-sustaining. Missionaries already employed only receive a meagre support, and the Chinese Mission will involve an outlay of at least \$10,000 yearly. Doubtless increased aid will be forthcoming; but whether the income will cover the liability, is problematical. Home claims must not be forgotten, and laborers on these fields need sympathy, as in many instances their membership is greatly depleted by removals to the cities and towns.

This is the season for taking stock in our churches. Special services have been held in various parts of our work. Revivals have been reported as the result of the labors of evangelists, but in more instances from the combined efforts of pastors and their people. There have been numerous accessions to the membership of some city churches. Some of the late conversion services have been attended by 1,000 persons. It is very gratifying to see the churches in the large centres of population so strong numerically. Queen Street, Toronto, we believe, is the strongest church. Rev. Manly Benson is pastor, and no less than 900 members, besides adherents, claim his oversight. Surely his hands must be full. Churches so numerically strong should employ an assistant. In Toronto there are a host of supernumerary ministers whose services might thus be utilized with great advantage to Methodism, and prevent the ministers being rusty.

You will be glad to learn that

College Federation Movement.

though not universally approved by the church, is so far successful that the treasury is being well supplied. The edifice is in course of erection at a cost of probably not less than \$200,000. The corner-stones will be laid on June 15, which will be a red-letter day in the history of Victoria College.

The Wesleyan College at Montreal recently closed its labors for another year. This college is affiliated with McGill University, probably the best equipped university on the continent, with the distinguished scientist, Sir William Dawson, as its principal. Many wealthy citizens in the city are its liberal patrons. Its recent benefactions amounted to nearly a million of dollars. What a noble example for wealthy men elsewhere! The Wesleyan College, though affiliated, has university powers, but is very chary about honorary degrees, which are at a discount just now. At the late convocation Rev. M. Randle, D. D., of Wesleyan College, England, was honored with the degree of D. D.

Bishop Newman honored the citizens of Toronto last Sunday and Monday with his presence. On the former day he preached two sermons, and on the latter delivered a grand lecture. The financial proceeds were about \$16,000. Trinity Church, where the Bishop officiated, is one of the most recently erected Methodist churches in the Queen City. The pastor, Dr. Johnston, is remarkable for securing the visits of American clergymen. Bishop Randle is one of the Doctor's choice friends.

AN EPOCH.

REV. J. C. HARTRELL, D. D.

Every great movement has its important epochs, when the results of years of sacrifice and toil seem to culminate in a moment; or when difficulties, which have seemed insurmountable, suddenly vanish; or when earnest souls who have been studying difficult problems from opposite standpoints, meet on common ground, and together rejoice in the victory won. One of the most important and encouraging features of our educational work in the South now is the cordial recognition and co-operation it is receiving from representative Southern white people outside of our own church.

A notable illustration of this occurred at Cladun University, Orangeburg, S. C., Feb. 11. That State has its Agricultural and Mechanical College for colored people in connection with our University, and, on the date named, we met Dr. Dunton, the president, and the executive committee of the State Board, at the University for consultation. Several hours were given to visiting the class-rooms and workshops. The satisfaction expressed by all was indeed gratifying. Chapel services followed. Nearly seven hundred colored young men and women were present. The school will enroll nearly, if not quite, one thousand this year. State Senator Ferguson was the spokesman for the committee. He is a fine-looking, dignified gentleman, and spoke with great composure, and at times manifested profound feeling. The following is his address almost entire. We doubt if, under the circumstances, a more significant and manly address given to visiting the class-rooms and workshops. 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